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with kind remembrances
from the author.
July 1922

Ina Vestal

DR. BEALE

DR. BEALE,

OR

MORE ABOUT THE UNSEEN

BY

E. M. S.

Author of "One Thing I Know."

WITH PREFACE BY

STANLEY DE BRATH, M.Inst.C.E.

Author of "Psychic Philosophy," "Mysteries of Life."

LONDON :

JOHN M. WATKINS,

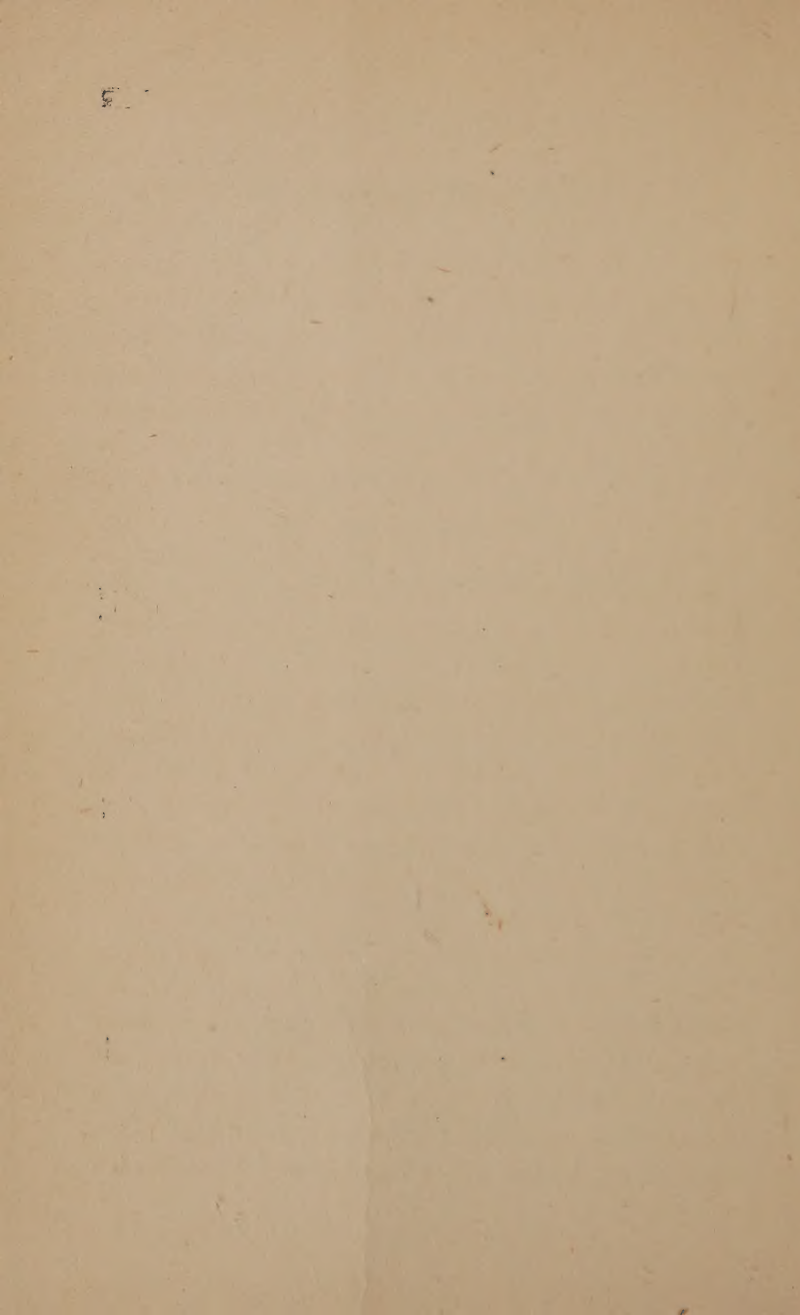
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To A. G.

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PREFACE

It is with much pleasure that I defer to the recorder's request for a preface to her book, though, indeed, it scarcely needs any commendation from me. The faithfulness of the narrative is evident in its detail, some of which the recorder had a natural desire to suppress as excessive. But it was my opinion that the manifestly scrupulous accuracy would suffer by any such editing, and that a record can only claim to be a basis for definite conclusions when the fullest possible data are given, quite irrespective of any inferences to be drawn from them.

Having had the privilege of acquaintance with Miss Rose, and the opportunity of direct conversation with " Dr. Beale " through her, I am glad to add my testimony to the complete change of voice and manner that take place when " Dr. Beale " speaks through Miss Rose's organism. Taking this occasion as if it were really one of intimate face-to-face converse with a being in the next stage of our human evolution, I carried on a conversation for about half an hour (as I should guess), asking questions on Relativity, Space, Time, and Matter in our sphere as compared with his. The replies were singularly cogent and consistent, and, as I am assured by E. M. S., quite beyond Miss Rose's

normal faculties. In several particulars they did not correspond with my own notions. " Dr. Beale " seems to enjoy a faculty of diagnosis which may well be the envy of his incarnate professional brethren. I understand that he can look through his patient's body even better than the X-ray, for he seems able to adjust his vision to successive depths of focus, much as a microscope is adjustable to successive planes in the object.

In the present very imperfect state of our psychological knowledge, it would be rash to assert either that " Dr. Beale " is an independent being, or that he is a duplex personality of Miss Rose. If the conscious part of every mind is only some 10 per cent. of the real Self, 90 per cent. being subconscious, that may possibly be the explanation of the phenomena; but I agree with E. M. S. that, in view of the many proofs of survival that have been given by such competent observers as A. R. Wallace, O.M., Sir William Crookes, Dr. Geley, and Professors Lodge, Ochorowicz, Aksakoff, Hyslop, and Richet, all from different points of view (to name a few only out of many more), the result of critical investigation extending over many years, the theory of discarnate personality is the only one that covers *all* the facts, and is therefore the only truly scientific hypothesis, startling as this seems to a generation which is apt to limit " scientific " knowledge to material phenomena.

That being so, it seems to me more probable that " Dr. Beale " is what he himself asserts—a disincarnate medical man who has in Miss Rose a special instrument for his truly disinterested efforts to heal the sick, than to suspect a totally needless deception by the sub-conscious mind.

I cannot, of course, in the nature of things, either confirm the facts recorded in the book, nor the interpretation which the author very naturally assumes. So far as they refer to normal sick-room experiences, they rest on the testimony of the author ; in so far as they relate to supernormal occurrences, they are made on the authority of the " controls." The author states this distinctly, and it would be tedious to repeat it on every occasion.

But the distinction is almost irrelevant—the testimony of the book is to the fact that very remarkable cures have taken place, borne out by medical testimony. The complete explanation is probably out of reach at the present time when the radical distinction between the Self (which includes both the conscious and sub-conscious faculties) and the Person who is the expression and representation of that Self under the limitations of matter, space, time, education, and environment, is so little realised. The fact of psychic aid is quite distinct from any explanations of it that can be offered.

I find myself in close agreement with the author in the distinction drawn in her final paragraphs

between psychic and spiritual facts. The psychic faculties of clairvoyance, clairsaudience, and healing are no more "spiritual" than normal sight, hearing, and medical knowledge. How they are used depends on the spiritual character—strength of will, and the Love which is Service.

"Spiritualism" is not a doctrine, a creed, or a science. It is a convenient word to cover a body of substantiated facts capable of many interpretations according to the faculties of the minds that deal with them. As facts they are the data for both scientific and religious inferences. On the scientific side such inferences have to be harmonised with physical and biologic facts; on the religious side, with the teaching of our Lord Himself and with the records of His earthly ministry. If we carefully confine ourselves to the facts, disregarding tentative theories, the physical and biologic data cannot be in disaccord with the psychic, though the latter may transcend the former, and therefore indicate another relativity to which they belong; and if the use made of them is regulated by the spiritual principle of Love and Service, they equally cannot be in disaccord with Christianity, which rests on that same principle. That "Dr. Beale's" actions are of the nature of purely unselfish service freely given, is obvious, whether he be a spirit controlling Miss Rose, or a portion of her sub-conscious Self.

In the minds of those who observe the general

trend of affairs at the present day, there can be little doubt that much social and political action, even among nominal Christians, proceeds from a tacit notion that there is no survival of death, or that, if there is, it will be miraculous in the sense that God will wipe out the personal consequences of acts done in earth-life. The religious value of the psychic facts is the demonstration that neither of these notions is true. That forgiveness, in the sense of aid and comfort, is instantaneously given when a soul turns to the light, is supported by much concurrent testimony; but it is not less positively affirmed that this regeneration has to be proved by working out the consequences that remain, and annulling the causes of ill by the causes of good. In no other way can the birth to the Spirit be proved and made permanent.

As the next state appears to be one in which a soul chooses and makes its own environment, it should be obvious that unless a soul chooses here on earth the path of conformity to the Divine Will, it can hope for little happiness in that world where, by the faculty known here as "psychometry," character is perceived at a glance, and it "knows as also it is known." It is seen there exactly as it has made itself, and we have the word of our Lord Himself that no religious professions can alter the consequences of earth-life.*

* Matt. vii. 21-27 and xxv. 31-46.

The simile of the " books of Judgment " is only confirmed by the scientific proof of the existence in the sub-conscious mind of that terrible memory wherein is stored the whole of the acts of a lifetime without extenuation or disguise ; and it is but reasonable to infer that nothing can relieve the soul from this spectacle of its past life, its effects on other lives, and the preferences it has cultivated.

With these words I take my leave, thanking the author for her permission to add my mite of testimony to knowledge which, if it were general, would, by carrying conviction of continuous life in which we start as we have made ourselves by the use or misuse of our opportunities, and are seen exactly as we are, bring to the world that concord and harmony that are the necessary pre-requisites to the peace so ardently desired.

STANLEY DE BRATH.

WEYBRIDGE, *July*, 1921.

INTRODUCTION

IN giving this little book to the public, I should like to make it clear that I am merely a recorder. Its contents were carefully noted in a diary at the time the events took place.

To many of my readers it will probably seem a strange and even ludicrous medley of fact and fancy. I make no pretence of being able to separate the one from the other. How far conscious or sub-conscious mind played a part in these experiences, I am quite incompetent to judge. All I can do is to record them as they happened, together with the explanations and teachings which accompanied them; to vouch for the honesty and integrity of the mediums through whom they came, and to exclude all possibility of wilful deceit or deliberate romancing on their part.

I do not wish perpetually to repeat "I was told this by Miss Rose when in trance," or "Someone who came through Miss Rose said that," so I ask all who read these pages to bear in mind that when I make definite statements about the World Beyond, I make them solely upon the authority of "controls," who claimed that they were living in that world. Such statements can seldom, if ever, be proved, but,

like all other information, they can be submitted to individual and collective judgment, compared with established truth, and weighed as to their probability. As I record them I recall Dr. Johnson's dictum that "to leave things out of a book because people tell you they will not be believed is meanness."

E. M. S.

“There must be something
in this latest Faith,
That we have missed
in all our crowded creeds.”

From “Anne Boleyn,”

By W. S. PARKENHAM WALSH.

Dr. Beale

Or More About the Unseen

I

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION

“Add to your faith . . . knowledge”

THE last two or three years have witnessed a remarkable increase in the number of enquirers into the truth of Spiritualism, but it is still confronted on many sides, not only by incredulity, but by other attitudes of dislike and distrust, which are often based on ignorance, falsehood, or unnecessary prejudice. In publishing a few more of my personal experiences on the subject, I should like to add my own testimony based on these experiences. I feel that the whole matter cannot be faced too frankly, and that the oftener it is sifted by all enquirers, the better. Each personal experience that can be thrown into the scale of evidence may perhaps add its fraction of weight in the formation of some opinion on the subject.

With regard to incredulity, I doubt whether conviction can be brought about by argument. It is impossible to make *oneself* believe, let alone anyone else, and personally I fail to see how indisputable proof can ever be given in this matter. If those in the spirit world tell us something about life down here, the possibility of telepathy between ourselves

and the medium used by them cannot be altogether ruled out. If they tell us something about the life beyond, there is no possibility of testing such information. I believe that more than once a dying man has taken with him into the next life a secret, known to no one else upon earth, and has been able to reveal that secret after his death to someone still living, who has proved its truth. But even this mystery has been explained away by the theory of a central reservoir of cosmic thought, though those who advance this theory admit its limitation in that it cannot account for definite prophetic announcements which prove to be correct.

It seems that those in the world beyond are beginning to realise the subtle claims of this rival telepathy. I was greatly interested in the account lately given in *Light* of the parents who were anxiously awaiting a promised photograph of their little daughter. The child had passed over to the other side, had managed to get into communication with her parents still upon earth, and had promised to give them a portrait of herself. Great was their disappointment when the only form produced upon the exposed plate was that of a middle-aged man—as far as I remember a relative. Afterwards the child told them that she was so sorry for their disappointment, but that at the last moment she was not allowed to give them herself, her relative having insisted on his own portrait being given first. Further explanation was received to the effect that those on the other side wished to rule out all possibility of its being said that the photograph was merely a picture, taken from the parents' minds.

They said that later they received the portrait of the child.

Many, I suppose, still think that the whole of spiritualism can be explained by fraud and deceit. Unfortunately the subject lends itself easily to humbug of all sorts. No doubt "Mrs. Marden" and "The Road to Endor" represent a very real side of the question, but the writer of the latter might just as well argue that, because he and his fellow-companion were able to feign lunacy, and to deceive even clever medical specialists, therefore there is no such thing as real lunacy, as to imagine that he has explained the whole of spiritualism.

Perhaps it is well to recall the early investigations into the Rockville happenings in America. Three times the committee of enquiry was re-elected because it became convinced of the truth, and would not pronounce a verdict of fraud. To-day the list of clever intellectual men and women convinced of the truth underlying genuine spiritualism is a very long one, and it is impossible to believe that these have all lost their reason, or even their power of judgment. Moreover, this list increases steadily.

Some people seem to argue that, because they greatly dislike the subject, and all that they hear about the life in the spirit world, therefore it cannot be true. I can quite sympathise with this feeling of dislike. There are many things which we are told about the next life which seem almost repulsive. They shock and disturb long-established notions regarding the Beyond and cherished hopes for immediate perfection after death. But to try to

persuade oneself that therefore there is no truth in them is surely illogical in the extreme.

I do not mean that everything that is supposed to come from the other side is necessarily true. I do not even mean that any definite statement that really does come from the other side must be true. This is a mistake made by many, and they go about proclaiming as gospel the most trifling rubbish, just because they have, or think they have, received it in a supernatural way. There are those in the world beyond who still enjoy telling lies and deceiving earth dwellers. There are others foolish and frivolous, ready for a joke at our expense. All information given must be brought to the touchstone of our reason and common sense, and, above all, of our moral judgment, before we can accept it. It may, of course, go beyond anything we have learnt before, but if it is true knowledge and belongs to God's great scheme of the Universe, it cannot contradict His teaching given in other ways. Truth taught by spiritualism must fit in and harmonise with other truth, although the former may transcend it. "Try the spirits" must include testing as far as possible what they teach, and this can only be done in exactly the same way in which we set about testing any earthly knowledge. We are repeatedly told by those on the other side never to accept anything blindly, but to use our own judgment.

There is yet another position taken by those who oppose spiritualism, which is perhaps still more unreasonable. I have heard it said more than once, "Well, if it is true, I do not want it." It is difficult to fathom what lies at the back of such a statement.

Is it cowardice, laziness, or merely an inadequate appreciation of its value? Certainly its author can make no claim to be a seeker after new truth. He seems to prefer to live in the enjoyment of a half-truth, and so long as he can stifle all internal questionings, he may continue to do so; but in the end he may find that he has sustained a grievous loss, and has been left behind by the progressing stream.

I read not long since the declaration of a very thoughtful theological writer that, if need be, he would give up Christ rather than truth. It struck me as a tremendous statement. Thank God, such a test need never be put upon any of us, for Christ is truth; but is not this the spirit we need in our Church teaching to-day—a passion for the truth?

I remember once being told by an honest thinking man, “ Oh! if I want the truth I always go to a scientist—never to a parson! ” It seemed to me one of the saddest remarks I had ever heard, but I fear that it is a remark often thought, if not expressed, to-day by hundreds who are longing to know some reliable data about the life after death.

How many of the leaders of the Church can tell them? How many are even trying to study the matter in order that they may be able to give an answer to those that ask them? And yet one would have thought that the nature of the next life was essentially a question for the Church, which has always preached the doctrine of a life to come. Will Lambeth always be content to leave the matter to the Psychical Research Society, when already numbers of the rank and file of men and women are making investigations for themselves?

Yet another strange attitude often met with is that all this information about another life may be quite true, but we are not intended to know it, or, as a leading Churchman once put it, we are not meant to find out what it is impossible for us to know. One need hardly point out the fallacy in such a remark. If we are not meant to know these things, if it is impossible for us to discover them, we shall certainly not find them out. There is no need for any moral restriction of effort on our part.

Where, indeed, would be our new inventions, our new discoveries. our progress in any department of life, had we acted upon this declaration that what we do not know we are not meant to know?

Another perhaps similar attitude is that the Christian Church was founded upon faith, and that we are not intended to walk by sight.

Was the Church founded on faith? If our Lord had never appeared to His disciples after His death, would there have been a Church at all? It is to be doubted. At any rate, it seems hardly correct to state that sight played no part in its foundation; and was not that sight of the same nature as the psychic vision of to-day? Might we not have been *seeing* as well as hoping all down the ages, had we not become blinded by materialism? St. Peter plainly tells us to "add to our faith knowledge;" and to refuse to know, because we feel that to hope is more beautiful and gives us a more powerful moral incentive, seems a curious point of view, and yet I know it is a very real one. Is hope in a rather vague and undefined hereafter a stronger moral force

than definite knowledge of another life immediately following this one?

The Prayer Book speaks of "the sure and certain hope" of resurrection. Will the power of this hope be lessened by making it yet more sure and certain?

I do not think we need be afraid that there will be no room for the exercise of faith, no matter how much our belief in a future life may be confirmed through psychic channels. Faith is something far more than hoping that something is true.

I think perhaps one of the chief reasons for the widespread dislike of spiritualism is that so many of its adherents claim that it is a new religion.* Let us for a moment examine this claim. Spiritualism is certainly not in any sense new. It may be new to this age, but it can be traced back into the earliest beginnings of history and religion, and personally I feel that this fact adds to the probability of its truth.

Next, is Spiritualism a religion?

One can *make* a religion of anything, and undoubtedly there are many to-day who look upon spiritualism as such; and when they become convinced of its truth feel it necessary to join a spiritualist church. But in itself it is certainly not a religion. It is a truth, but belief in this truth does not necessarily bring us into touch with God (I use the word God, of course, in its very widest sense, so as to cover all religions), and religion must surely do that if it is worthy of the name at all. A

* Because of this, some distinguish between spiritualism and psychic science, but such a distinction seems arbitrary.

man may be an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, a Nonconformist, a Quaker, a Hindu, a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, and at the same time believe that he is a spirit and can hold communication with the world of spirit, which belief in itself constitutes him a spiritualist. He may even have no belief in a god at all, and yet feel sure that he will continue to live after this life is ended, and be able to hold converse with those still upon earth. Spiritualism is a thing apart from religion. It is perhaps most accurately expressed by the word spiritism,* for there need not be anything spiritual about it, except in the sense of non-material.

Sir William Barrett, one of the leaders of this modern movement, has distinctly stated "spiritualism is not a religion," and one of its chief literary organs, *Light*, has constantly reiterated this. The Lambeth Conference emphasised this point, and deprecated its spread as a religious cult. Most of us do not want a new religion. Thank God the foundations of our faith still stand strong, and I think that, in adopting the truth of spiritism, we need to make it quite clear that there is no reason why such adoption should shake these foundations. It may perhaps change the fabric built upon them. To make no change whatever in our beliefs means stagnation, but the great religious truths, tested by time and proved by the lives of thousands all down the centuries, are but confirmed and revitalised by a belief in this truth.

Why, then, is it that some people persist in

* For the sake of variety I use both terms indiscriminately in these pages.

speaking of it as a new religion? I think if we make closer enquiry we shall find that these people are chiefly those who formerly had little or no real religion, and that through spiritism they have been given a knowledge of Divine things which they never had before. Can we wonder if they confuse the light itself with the window through which it came to them? Dare we begrudge them their discovery, even if it seem to us but a small part of the whole of revelation, because it did not come to them through any so-called orthodox channel? One writing from the Beyond has well said that the best test of a church is the amount of light it lets into the world. Let us see to it that the windows we recognise as orthodox are indeed letting in light, and not obscuring it by glass too opaque to admit the entrance of new rays of truth. Let us even be ready to add to our Churches yet another window—the window of spiritism—and to welcome any light which may come to us through that source.

There is no antagonism between Christianity and Spiritualism; in fact, the latter has been described as “Christianity without its modern limitations,” and I know of one well-known writer who declares that since his belief in this truth he finds it quite easy to accept all the miracles of the New Testament. It seems as if hitherto its reception has been chiefly confined to those outside the Churches. Perhaps these, not being so bound by orthodoxy and convention, are more ready to welcome new channels of truth. But now it is reaching those within; and surely it does not call them to leave their Church, but rather to spread the truth amongst

its members. It ought to deepen their desire for spiritual things, their sense of worship, their belief in prayer. It ought to make all Church workers the more eager to promote God's kingdom of righteousness, and to live in the power of Christ's resurrection.

It is true that some of the clergy make it very difficult for those who believe in the truth of spiritism to remain in the churches. They at once begin to look askance at these people; they ask them to resign some branch of work which they have long carried on; they treat them with suspicion. In one of the parishes in which I was living the secretary, acting upon the advice of the vicar, refused to accept my annual subscription to missionary work because she had heard that I held communication with those in the next world. Sometimes one can hardly wonder that people in disgust join a spiritualist church!

What lies at the root of such suspicion on the part of many earnest preachers and teachers? I think it is largely this firmly rooted idea that spiritism is a rival religion. I was given a little book the other day, entitled "Séance or Altar," in which it was stated that it was impossible to be both a Spiritualist and a Christian. No wonder the author made such a statement if at the outset he imagined that attendance at a séance could ever take the place of the Holy Eucharist.

A bishop, who had heard of some of my experiences, asked me, "Do you now consult a planchette instead of reading your Bible?"

Even to suggest these things as alternatives

seems to me strange. One would never dream of putting a talk with an earthly friend in the place of a religious service. Why, then, should a talk with one in another sphere be so regarded? I think we need to look upon communication with those in the next world as a far more natural thing than we do. I know that many imagine that because we talk with spirits we must necessarily pray to them. Why so any more than to our friends on earth? These often give us helpful advice and comfort, but we are not at once accused of praying to them. I feel that the recommendation now put forward by the Anglican Church, that Christians had better be content to meet their departed friends at the Holy Eucharist, is a somewhat doubtful one, and may even tend to lower the meaning of that beautiful service, of which our Lord should ever be the central thought. If we are thinking, "Now at any rate we may hold communion with dear ones in the Beyond," are we not likely to be distracted from this central thought, and may we not perhaps lose something of the higher spiritual benefits which we should receive? Is it not better to look upon communion with those beyond the veil as a natural outcome of our affection for them, and not necessarily to connect it with our highest act of faith and worship? Those in Christ below will assuredly hold communion with those in Christ above in every religious act, but we do not wish to emphasise this unduly.

Some, I suppose, still look upon spiritism as a forbidden thing—bidden both by the Bible and by the Church—and their attitude towards it is not only one of suspicion, but one of holy horror. It is true

that the Levitical law did forbid it. It also forbade many other things which are practised freely amongst Christians to-day. That law has long been superseded by the law of Christ. But even the former was only referring to spiritism as it was carried on by the heathen nations surrounding Israel, and one can well imagine what the degrading nature and influence of such occultism would have been. Later the Jews were encouraged to consult seers and prophets, and in the New Testament the possibility of holding communication with the spirit world seems to have been rather taken for granted, and certainly was not looked upon as an evil thing.*

Then, with regard to the Church, I do not think that any but the Roman Communion has made a pronouncement on the subject. In fact, we read that in the early days of Christianity mediums were attached to the churches, and their gifts used for the edification of their members (see "The Apostolic Constitutions"). To-day many earnest men and women in all branches of the Church Catholic are making thoughtful enquiry about the matter, and some of its ministers, convinced of the truth of genuine spiritualism, wish to make room for it in the Church's teaching. That it has a moral power for good can hardly be denied. A working man, who had been reading some spirit messages for the first time, said to a friend of mine, "If we believed that to be true, what a difference it would make to the way in which we behaved to each other!"

* Acts xxiii. 9; Acts xii. 7; Rev. xxii. 9; Acts xxvii. 23.

II

THE UNSEEN DOCTOR AND HIS HELPERS

THOSE of my friends who have read "One Thing I Know"—the story of my cure from a long-standing illness of over fifteen years' duration—have since made constant enquiries about my health. They naturally wish to assure themselves of the lasting nature of such a remarkable cure. One or two, who thoroughly disapprove of the manner in which it was brought about, have perhaps had a lingering hope that I should break down again in a very short time, and so be led to give up my evil ways!

Their hope has not been realised. It is now nearly six years since I began to walk again, and my health has been severely tested several times. During the war we took a house in one of the most frequently bombed districts on the East Coast, and I experienced thirty air raids, many of which lasted for hours on end. Immediately following on all this, I had six weeks of intense anxiety and strain, owing to the dangerous illness of my sister, described in the pages of this book.

It is true that this long continued physical and mental strain depleted my strength and necessitated a fortnight's entire rest, and a good deal of attention from Dr. Beale, but even then I did not have to stay in bed altogether.

On the whole I think my record of health during these years is a very good one, especially as the weakness which caused my illness is constitutional, chiefly due, so the spirit friends say, to pre-natal conditions.

Readers of my former story, who have become interested in Dr. Beale and his helpers, have also expressed a wish that I should give some further account of his work upon earth, and as a good many of his patients are known to me personally, and I have had the opportunity of watching some of the cases which have come under his care, I will try to give a few details of those which have proved the most interesting.*

Such a work as his can never be carried on on a large scale. It must be limited by the scarcity of good mediums and the subtle difficulties of mediumship. If the suggestions made by those in the spirit world could be carried out by ordinary doctors and nurses, it would be a different matter; but even if ordinary doctors and nurses were willing to carry them out (a very big if!), they could not do so properly unless they themselves possessed the psychic gifts or insight necessary for the purpose.

Probably many doctors and nurses do again and again unconsciously receive and carry out instructions given to them by those in the spirit world, and their patients benefit accordingly, but such treatment is generally regarded by both giver and receiver

* In this book I shall not repeat the explanation of psychic phraseology given in the former volume. The ordinary terms are used so generally that most people by now are well acquainted with them.

as solely due to the skill and knowledge of the earthly medical attendant.

Dr. Beale's directions can be carried out by those on earth who have no knowledge of either medicine or nursing. In fact, he says that in some ways it is easier to work through those who have no preconceived ideas on these subjects, but it is all-essential that his workers should possess some psychic powers, some possibility of lending themselves to influences of the spirit world. The chief object of healing work of this nature is that of testimony to the reality of the other life and of the powers belonging to it, and as such it is surely doubly precious and interesting, and not to be sought after merely as a means of regaining lost health. The knowledge I myself received about the Life Beyond and the Unseen World about us far outweighs the restoration of my health, and had Dr. Beale failed to bring the latter about, I should doubtless have formed a different estimate of his skill and power, but it could have made no difference to my belief in the presence of a being from another sphere.

For the sake of those who have not read my story, I will briefly re-state who Dr. Beale is and how he carries on his work. He claims to be "a dead though a very busy man," one who was once a medical practitioner on earth, and who passed over to the other side, feeling that he had not finished his work on this side. When he awoke after a long sleep his great desire was to continue to work upon earth, and through another doctor, who was also in spirit, he was brought into touch with "Miss Rose,"

a medium (on earth) who was waiting for an opportunity to make more use of her psychic gifts. With practice he found he was able to control her and use her for medical work, and despite many hindrances and difficulties, such as must continually occur in psychic work of this nature, he has been enabled by this means to help many sufferers and to bring about several striking cures.

He was fortunate at the outset in having the help of a remarkable psychic, " Mrs. Fair " (see " One Thing I Know "), who understood much of psychic law, and was able to give a great deal of help in the work. Later he found other workers, such as Miss Forest, who possessed the gifts of clairvoyance and clairsaudience, through whose hands he was able to give massage, and so steadily, but very quietly, the work has gone on.

Dr. Beale himself is never anxious to make a show of it. Though he prefers to have cases which have been given up by earth doctors, he is always ready to give his time and power to relieve commonplace suffering, and will never relinquish a case he has taken on, in order to make room for one which may bring him more credit. He cares not who gets the credit, so long as the patient is helped, and he constantly reminds his patients that no credit is due to him, for all his power comes from God, and that many others are working with him to manifest this Divine healing upon earth.

His instrument Miss Rose is usually rather unhappy if she has to go to a patient as an ordinary masseuse, and cannot at the outset make known the means by which this power is given to her. Owing

to ignorance and prejudice, it is sometimes necessary for her to do this, but she always dwells upon the fact that it is Divine power which comes to her in answer to prayer, and generally in the course of her work she finds some opportunity to enlighten her patient. Often she will be asked, "Why is your massage so different from that of other masseuses?" or "Why do you never give the same treatment two days together?" or "How did you know I had a pain just there?" and to answer such questions usually necessitates some betrayal of her secret.

She never allows the question of money to weigh with her in the choice of a patient, although she is entirely dependent on her earnings. She makes a charge for those who can afford to pay, but gives her services freely to those who cannot. She made up her mind that she would always have at least one non-paying patient, and one who could only pay a very small fee, but at the present moment, out of the ten patients to whom Dr. Beale is giving massage, six are paying nothing for it, and some are even receiving help with food and medicine as well. Dr. Beale has a purse for his poor patients, and is always glad to receive contributions from those able to help others. Miss Rose constantly regrets that she is unable to give all her services free, but Dr. Beale maintains, and I fully agree with him, that it is far better for the character of the patient, if circumstances permit, that some payment, however small, should be made in return for benefits received.

I mention all this because I know how ready people are to accuse mediums of caring for nothing but money-making. Indeed, one almost hesitates

to mention the word medium, so much has it been abused, and yet there is no other word which exactly describes the part played by the psychic go-between.

Many, I know, exceedingly dislike the idea of having to use a medium in order to communicate with those in the Beyond, and I can sympathise with this feeling. The ideal would undoubtedly be for each to be his own medium; but, seeing that the development of psychic gifts is often a difficult and very slow proceeding, are we meanwhile to despise making use of those who have perhaps spent many years in bringing these gifts to perfection? It must be very trying for those on the other side, who are longing to speak to their friends on earth, if they see before them a possible telephone, and yet these friends refuse to use it.

In trance mediumship, though all communication is tinged with and some strongly coloured by the medium's personality, complete privacy is attained, as far as this world is concerned. for the medium, as a rule, knows nothing of what takes place during the trance condition.

When clairaudience only is made use of, we have rather the feeling that we are speaking through an interpreter, but, despite all drawbacks, communication held through a medium, either in trance or in a normal condition, can be a very living and moving experience. In a short time one completely forgets the go-between, so real does the spirit personality become.

Probably ere long many of us will discover psychic powers in ourselves, and we shall then come

to look upon mediumship as, after all, something natural, and shall cease to despise mediums.

One cannot deny that the whole subject of mediumship, and especially trance mediumship, presents very searching moral problems, which are not met with in ordinary life, and undoubtedly such a gift can be tremendously abused; but surely, as a natural gift of God, it cannot in itself be evil, and may be dedicated to His service. If thereby healing and comfort and teaching can be given to a needy world, dare we denounce such a channel, or doubt that God is able to keep it pure and holy for His work?

There is the further question of the medium's health and personality. Is this injured by the use of these gifts? My own experience in this matter has been so small that I am quite incompetent to answer such a question in general. I can only answer it with regard to this particular medium, Miss Rose. Her health has steadily improved since I first knew her: her mentality is stronger, her will-power more developed, and she is a stronger character in every way. But she is not always entranced when giving massage; very often Dr. Beale merely overshadows her, and she is not at work all the day long.

I think every medium ought to make a point of filling a part of life with ordinary interests, in order to balance the psychic conditions in which so much of it has to be spent.

It is always of great interest to me to note the impression made upon different people by their first introduction to Dr. Beale. Some say that my book

prepared them exactly for what took place; others candidly admit disappointment, and fail to notice much distinction between the personality of Miss Rose and that of the doctor.

Those who come from a distance, just in order to have an interview with Dr. Beale, are at a disadvantage in this matter. Their time is limited, and they see Miss Rose perhaps only for two or three minutes, during which short interval it is quite impossible for them to gain any real knowledge of her. Then, too, the doctor has learnt to modulate his voice so carefully that sometimes there is no very marked difference even in this, though he still finds great difficulty in opening the eyes properly. As a rule, however, people are aware of a great change in character, and the more so as they become better acquainted with both Miss Rose and Dr. Beale.

I remember one man who came from a long distance to see if it were all humbug, or, in case it were genuine, to seek advice about his wife, who was a hopeless invalid. He had had no former experience of trance mediumship. After a few moments' chat with Miss Rose, the doctor came through, and we left the two men for a talk, which extended into nearly an hour. Afterwards I said to the visitor, " Now tell me honestly, did you feel that you were talking to a man and a doctor? " He at once replied, " Rather! "

One patient declared that she could never be left alone with a spirit doctor; she would be terrified, and she begged me to be present at all her interviews. After the first, however, she said she never

thought of the matter again, and felt just as if she were talking to her London specialist.

Dr. Beale himself used to enjoy telling a story of how he had once controlled Miss Rose in order to do some shopping himself, and how the shopkeeper, who was in an inner room and could not see the speaker, but only heard a deep voice, called out, "Yes, sir."

Another of the doctor's patients, a medical man himself, though he had received great benefit from his treatment, professed complete unbelief in his existence, and enjoyed trying to tease me on the subject whenever he had a chance. He was suffering from a painful disease, and the doctor's massage used to hurt him a good deal. On one occasion he began to use rather strong language, and his wife, who was present, reproved him, whereat he replied, "My dear, you know that I shouldn't dream of speaking to Miss Rose in that way. It is only as man to man and doctor to doctor that I give way to such expressions."

III

NON-CONSULTING PHYSICIANS

DR. BEALE'S method of diagnosis is very different to that of ordinary doctors, and to those not already acquainted with him it may be interesting to have a short description of it.

If anyone at a distance wished to consult him, he insisted on having something belonging to the writer, either a piece of hair or an article worn next to the skin, and he asked the sender to wrap this in silk, so as to isolate it from counter-vibrations. When diagnosing the case he would place this in the palm of his hand (*i.e.*, Miss Rose's hand), and then hold it to his forehead for some moments.

He said that, as a rule, he could in this way set up a psychic line between himself and the would-be patient, and was then able to sense his physical condition, feel his symptoms, and prescribe for him. Often, also, he could gain knowledge of his history, circumstances and character, all of which enabled him to understand the case better. The more the patient himself was reaching out for help in an understanding way, the easier Dr. Beale seemed to find it to get into touch with him.

Occasionally he said he found it impossible to diagnose in this way; some subtle psychic hindrance prevented his sensing the patient's condition at all. Sometimes he at once detected a most complicated case, and declared that he could not attempt to deal

with it unless he could have an interview with the patient through Miss Rose; or, again, he refused to take the case unless the patient consented to come and be under his personal supervision in this way for some weeks. Someone, of course, had to be present to take down his diagnosis, as Miss Rose, being in trance, knew nothing of what he said, and writing was rather a labour to him. Sometimes it fell to my lot to do this, and I generally withheld all details of a case until he had sensed the hair or article and given his diagnosis; and it was most interesting to find how accurately he often described these details and symptoms. I remember on one occasion giving him a piece of hair to sense, and telling him nothing whatever about the sender. He immediately got the symptoms of an intermittent pulse and great exhaustion, which afterwards proved to be marked characteristics of the sender's condition. I also recall a patient who described her illness as internal ulceration, and was determined to hide the fact that she was suffering from cancer, but the moment Dr. Beale touched the article sent by her for his psychometry he sensed cancer, and he afterwards insisted on a letter from her specialist, which confirmed his diagnosis. On another occasion, upon sensing a piece of hair sent by post, he at once prescribed a vermifuge, which gave great relief to the patient, who was quite unconscious of what was the matter with him. He himself preferred to be treated as an ordinary doctor, *i.e.*, to be allowed to ask the patient questions, and to be given an account of the illness and its symptoms. but he was always ready to try to diagnose without them.

After having established a "line," as he called it, he could then visit the patient in spirit and make a psychic examination of him, and he sometimes deferred giving advice till he had done this. He said he was able to get into close touch with some people, and even to help them during their state of sleep. The spirit could then be drawn away from the body, and the treatment given re-acted beneficially on the physical frame. I do not think he ever dealt with two cases in exactly the same way. He said the personal equation counted for so much, and he greatly objected to a medicine being handed on from one patient to another, as he said no two constitutions were alike.

I will now deal with one or two particular cases which came under Dr. Beale's care.

A small child, suffering from a very virulent form of influenza, had been given up by the earth doctor. He told her mother that she must be prepared for her death at any moment, and he left her to die, never coming near her again. The mother happened to be working for Mrs. Fair; she told her of her trouble, and Mrs. Fair took Miss Rose to see the child, in case Dr. Beale could do anything for her. He told her to administer a large dose of acid tincture of lobelia, in order to bring on violent sickness and clear the system of poison. (He said the contents of the child's stomach looked black to him). After severe vomiting, the child began to recover, and in a few days was out walking. In this case Dr. Beale's existence was quite unknown to mother and child. They only knew Miss Rose.

Another interesting case was that of a "rheu-

matic thumb." It had been treated by earth doctors for two or three years, and finally pronounced incurable. Dr. Beale was attending another patient in the house, and was asked to look at it. He did so, found it dislocated, and in a few moments cured the long-standing rheumatism. On this occasion he was not able to control his instrument, only to closely overshadow her, as the patient knew nothing of psychic things.

A case of very long-standing and troublesome constipation was cured by Dr. Beale in a week. For thirty years this patient had suffered in this way, and had tried every conceivable aperient, doubling and trebling the usual dose, but with very indifferent results. Dr. Beale forbade almost all liquids, and put her on a dry diet, consisting chiefly of ground nuts, barley kernels, and raw vegetables. A few dried fruit, such as raisins, were allowed, and he gave her olive oil. She has never since had to take any other aperient. She was at the time suffering from indigestion and gout. Dr. Beale told her to continue the diet until these also were cured, and she declares that now she has perfect health.

In the summer of 1917 an elderly aunt was staying with us for some weeks. One day when she was getting into a tram it started before she had taken her seat. She was jolted on to the floor, but, with help, picked herself up and continued her journey. In a few moments, however, she began to grow very faint, and, with some difficulty, we got her out of the tram and into a taxi. She was in great pain, and said she must have damaged one of her legs, as she could not stand on it. Fortunately we were

close to our doctor's house, so we drove straight there and found Dr. Steadall, who kindly went home with us, and, together with the taxi-driver, carried my aunt upstairs to bed, and stayed to examine her. He said he did not think the thigh was broken, but, if so, it was a case of impacted fracture, and anyway, broken or not, there was nothing for it but for her to remain in bed for three weeks.

The next day he brought his partner, who was more of a surgeon than Dr. Steadall. He said he thought the thigh *was* broken, but prescribed the same treatment. Neither doctor seemed to have anything to suggest to alleviate the pain.

The next day Miss Rose, who was only a few miles away, appeared, saying that she had heard of the accident, and Dr. Beale had insisted on her coming off at once, and he wished to go up and see my aunt as soon as possible.

When he came through, he told us that at the time of the accident he was away in Salonica, and knew nothing of it till he returned, but that then my spirit had told him all about it, and that my uncle on the other side had begged him to come and do what he could for his wife. He said he felt sure he would be able to relieve the pain, if my aunt would allow him to treat her for the next few days, and he saw no reason why such treatment should in any way interfere with Dr. Steadall's visits.

He at once set to work to draw the congestion out of the injured limb, and my aunt declared that she felt the pain being gradually moved downwards. She obtained great relief, and was only too glad to have treatment from Dr. Beale for several days.

He agreed with Dr. Steadall that the leg was not broken, only strained, but declared that it would need a great deal of attention, and seemed surprised that Dr. Steadall had not recommended massage of any sort.

Both doctors visited the patient each day for a week. Dr. Steadall made kind enquiries, measured the leg many times to see if it were shorter than the other, recommended patience, and told me privately that my aunt would be very fortunate if she ever got about again. Dr. Beale worked hard during the whole visit, fomenting, massaging, and magnetising, and always left his patient much more comfortable than he found her.

She insisted on sending for a nurse friend to look after her, as she required a good deal of shifting and lifting. This nurse knew nothing of psychic things, but it was amusing to note how immediately she assumed the attitude of the professional nurse towards our strange spirit doctor.

On the morning of the ninth day after the accident Dr. Steadall paid his usual visit. He was very pleased with his patient, but impressed upon us all that she would have to lie still in bed for at least another fortnight.

His visit was followed the next day by that of Dr. Beale, who enquired what Dr. Steadall had reported, and, upon hearing his verdict, exclaimed, "Why, I shouldn't dare to let you lie in bed another fortnight! I doubt if you would ever get up again. After I have treated you, I am going to get you up to-day!"

He accordingly asked for an easy chair, put it

quite close to the bed, and helped his patient to step across to it. She sat up for an hour, and then he helped her back to bed again. She was none the worse for her experiment, but, on thinking the matter over, began to be very unhappy at the thought of having disobeyed Dr. Steadall, and especially at having done so behind his back, as it were.

Dr. Beale had not quite realised the awkwardness of the situation, though he said himself that if a patient had treated him like that when on earth he would never have come near her again.

No doubt medical etiquette is largely dispensed with, or at any rate greatly ennobled, in the realms of spirit. He saw, however, that he had put us in a difficulty, and, knowing what a real friend Dr. Steadall was to us, was apprehensive lest his action should make a breach in this friendship, and he felt bound on his side to do what he could to put things right.

We had decided that Dr. Steadall must be told as soon as possible exactly what had taken place, and it was arranged that I should do the telling, before he went upstairs to see my aunt the next morning. I wrote him a little note, bidding him to be prepared to be very angry when he arrived the next day.

Meanwhile, Dr. Beale visited those in the unseen world, whom he knew to be in close contact with Dr. Steadall, and begged them to do their utmost to prevent any ill-feeling, but was assured that Dr. Steadall was above that. Certainly nothing could have described more accurately the character of Dr. Steadall. He always seemed to live altogether above pettiness of any sort. Fortunately he already

knew a good deal about Dr. Beale. When the next day I made my confession, and told him that his patient had flatly disobeyed him, and had, under Dr. Beale's direction, got out of bed into a chair, and that she was afraid he would be very angry, he hesitated for half a moment, and then said, "Well, if it had been my leg I should have been furious, but after all it is her own leg! Let's come and see her."

Later he declared that he would not have dared to let her do it, but having once made the start, he seemed quite ready for her to continue, and from that time did little but enquire what she was able to do, and to express himself as more than satisfied with her progress. Dr. Beale treated her each day, giving hot fomentations, mustard baths, massage, and magnetic treatment, and plenty of exercising, not only of the injured limb but of the other one as well. This was, of course, decidedly painful, and my aunt strongly objected to it. Dr. Beale, however, paid but little attention to her complaints, and firmly insisted on certain movements being carried out several times daily, superintended either by himself or the nurse. Each day, too, the chair was placed a little further from the bed, so as to ensure that a few more steps were taken by the patient.

In ten days' time he insisted on her walking downstairs into another room. She pleaded that she felt too faint, but he merely magnetised her head before she started. She managed very well, and the doctor waited to see her comfortably back in bed, and gave her a good soothing treatment before leaving.

The next day she was dressed and down to lunch. Two days after this she was feeling poorly, and expressed a hope that Dr. Beale would not come that day, as she was much too tired to make any effort.

Shortly after this, Miss Rose appeared, and the doctor came through, remarking to my aunt, "I don't think you wanted me this morning, did you?" She laughingly told him she certainly did not, but he said he would soon get rid of her tired feelings and take her for a walk in the garden, which he did.

Before the expiration of the time appointed by Dr. Steadall for bed, she was out in a bath-chair, hoping she would meet him on the road.

At the end of two months her treatment was cut short, as the air raids were very numerous, and were beginning to tell on her nerves. Dr. Beale felt that the sooner she left the place the better, though he would have liked to keep her under his care for some time longer. She was then able to walk about 200 yards with the help of two sticks. I do not pretend that she was cured by Dr. Beale. The accident seemed to have affected the back in some strange way, and she was unable to lift the uninjured leg properly, and has always to use a stick for getting about, but we all feel most thankful that she can get about at all. Many months later she was able again to have a little treatment from Dr. Beale, which further increased her walking powers and improved her general health.

My aunt was averse to being X-rayed, so whether the thigh was broken or not has never been definitely ascertained; also whether, if she had lain in bed for three weeks, she would ever have been about again remains an open question.

IV

STARVED TO LIFE

IN 1918 the doctor was asked to prescribe for a case of gastric ulceration of many years' standing. The patient had had several attacks of hæmorrhage, and had twice been into hospital in order to be operated upon, but the doctors refused to operate, and she had been discharged as incurable. Dr. Beale considered it a very bad case, and declared it to be cancerous. He consulted with higher spirits, and decided that the only possibility of a cure was a most drastic treatment. She was to be allowed no nourishment at all for a fortnight; then artificial feeding was to be allowed twice or three times a day. Bovril, egg, milk and slippery elm were to be given in that way.

She was permitted to wash her mouth out with water, but not to swallow any. The idea was to dry up the growth by starvation, and the patient needed careful nursing.

Mrs. Fair undertook this. Dr. Beale said that her psychic gifts would be of more use to him than any nursing certificate. She would not, however, enter upon such a serious responsibility without first consulting an earth doctor. A local practitioner had already diagnosed the case, and declared that the only thing to be done was for the patient to go into hospital and be operated upon as soon as possible. He said that he knew of nothing except cancer to

account for such a condition, and though he advised the operation, he doubted whether it would do more than prolong life for two years. Mrs. Fair sent for him and described the treatment proposed, but he said it would probably not be able to be continued for more than three weeks, and that the mischief was far too deep-seated, and of too long standing, for any good to be done by this method. Mrs. Fair told him that the patient was determined to give it a trial, and it was arranged that it should be started at once, and that this doctor would look in from time to time to make sure that too great a strain was not being put upon her strength.

Dr. Beale was greatly helped in this case by the psychic nature of the patient. She was able to leave her body easily (see page 40), especially in sleep, and during these absences the unseen friends declared that they would be able so to refresh and feed her in spirit that it would greatly mitigate her feelings of starvation.

She used to wake in the morning, saying she had just had a most excellent breakfast, and she often amused herself by writing down the menus of various lunches and dinners which had been given her in spirit. They were generally most appetising, and one or two of the dishes were quite unknown to us on earth. Certain it was that she was somehow or other amply satisfied, and all desire for further nourishment in the way of substantial mundane food was, for the time being, removed.

This was repeated each day, and she felt that it helped her to lengthen the time of starvation, and also greatly lessened the pangs of hunger and thirst; the latter were far more trying than the former.

She was, of course, obliged to keep to bed, but for the first three or four weeks she was able to do a good deal for herself, and during almost the whole time she used to walk into another room to get a change of bed each day.

In ten days' time the Professor (see "One Thing I Know") paid her a visit. Mrs. Fair clairvoyantly saw him examining her with a kind of X-rays and probing the ulcer, and the patient was conscious of considerable pain. He begged the two or three friends present to unite in special prayer on her behalf, and he himself offered up a simple, earnest petition for complete healing if it were God's will.

He said we could help him by concentrating in prayer at an appointed hour each evening. He hoped to be able to do much by using certain rays upon her each night for the next ten nights.

During the following weeks he was in charge of the case, and Dr. Beale was able to go away on other work. The patient was psychic enough to see him, and one day, soon after this, she said she saw him drawing a great white rope out of her side. In just over three weeks he reported that two roots of the growth were dead, and a third dying. She was now allowed a little magnesia to drink, taken as thick and dry as possible, and was given half an hour's gentle massage each morning. By means of various douches and enemas, a great quantity of poison was brought away from the system. The Professor expressed himself as quite satisfied with the way the case was progressing. At the end of five weeks and a half he said all the roots of the growth were destroyed, and he did not see how it

could live now, but he wished the treatment to continue with slight modifications for another week.

The earth doctor had never put in another appearance, and the spirit friends declared that he should not do so if they could prevent it.

The patient was beginning to show signs of great weakness and faintness. She was therefore, in another three days, allowed a teaspoonful of water and white of egg one hour, and a teaspoonful of milk and yolk of egg the next. All this time Mrs. Fair was nursing her devotedly, but as she was able to depend upon psychic messages she was not obliged to be continually at her bedside. The next few days were very anxious ones; the patient became delirious, sickness set in, followed by extreme exhaustion. Mrs. Fair wished to give further nourishment, but a peremptory message from the other side told her not to do so. Then the patient vomited a lot of poisonous-looking matter, and Mrs. Fair, feeling she could stand the strain no longer, said that the earth doctor must be called. Miss Forest, who was now helping with the nursing, was preparing to go to fetch him, when another message came from Dr. Beale: "Don't send for the doctor; give her food—solid food." The patient herself asked for an egg, cocoa, and buttered toast. This was followed by a similar meal in four hours' time, and the next day she repeated this and had a lunch of steamed plaice. Dr. Beale explained that the last of the poison had been brought away by the final vomiting, and that now food could do no harm.

Mrs. Fair felt that the crisis was over. It was just six weeks and a half since the treatment began,

and, despite utter exhaustion and constant faintness, the patient had managed each day, except the two last, to walk into another room in order to get a change of bed. Being such a good psychic, power could be given more easily to her than to many others. During the last two days it was all Mrs. Fair could do to prevent her continually fainting away from exhaustion, but rubbing the palms of the hands and round the heart with stimulant proved beneficial.

In less than a week the patient was up and dressed, downstairs, and out for a walk, and in ten days went to stay with friends for a change. The internal wound did not completely heal for a year, and a certain amount of care was necessary with regard to diet; but steady progress was made, and in six months' time she was able to begin her regular work again, and has continued it ever since.

Dr. Beale dealt with a good many cases of internal ulcer. In less severe cases he sometimes put the patient on a dry diet for six weeks or more. This had to be carried out with the strictest regularity. The food consisted chiefly of ground nuts, grated vegetables and cheese, crisp toast and biscuits, a few dates and raisins, grape-nuts and barley kernels. Sometimes butter and cream were allowed, but the only liquid permitted was a small quantity of oatenade, a drink made from oatmeal, and this had to be taken between meals.

Many patients found such restriction very irksome, and some did not feel able to continue it; others, after a time, got so used to it that they wished for no other diet.

I remember one case which was treated by Dr. Beale from a distance by this method. It was a case of persistent gastric trouble of long standing. He diagnosed it as a case of ulcer, sent the patient a diet sheet, and told her to keep to it strictly ; to be prepared to feel very ill at first, and to report to him once a week. She felt so bad and seemed so ill that her relations very nearly put a stop to the treatment altogether, but her own faith was great ; she persisted, and was in the end rewarded by being able gradually to eat almost anything, and by a feeling of health such as she had not had for many years.

In this case Dr. Beale was only able to visit his patient in spirit, but she said he more than once made her aware of his presence in a very audible way. She originally sent a piece of hair for diagnosis, and from time to time repeated this, sending together with it an exact report of herself kept from day to day.

At the close of 1919 Dr. Beale gave similar treatment to a case of ulcer in the œsophagus, but in this case the patient's heart was in a precarious condition, and only four days of complete starvation were undergone. Artificial feeding was then given, and after sixteen days one white of egg was allowed. This was gradually increased to four in the twenty-four hours. After six weeks a return to normal food was made very slowly and cautiously. Not for ten days after this did the invalid sit up in bed, and not for three weeks did he come downstairs, but before that Dr. Beale declared the ulcer to have entirely disappeared. This patient was not living in the same place as Miss Rose, so the doctor was only

able to visit him through his medium about once a week, but another of his workers, who could receive his messages clairaudiently and give magnetic treatment, was in daily attendance.

V. G. H. has kindly written an account of this experience, which I give in his own words :—

“ It is with a feeling of deep gratitude to Dr. Beale and his band of spirit and material helpers that I forward this short account of my illness and cure.

“ Towards the end of 1917 (being then forty-four years of age), whilst serving in the army, I became subject to symptoms similar to those of indigestion, and was treated for the same by several medical men. In 1918 these became more pronounced, and were often accompanied by choking at meal-times. Later in this year I had two severe attacks of ‘ flu,’ which left me in a very weak state on being finally demobilised in February, 1919. On leaving the army my health rapidly became worse, and after seeing several medical men for advice on the choking symptoms, which were increasing, I was X-rayed by an X-ray specialist, who discovered an obstruction low down in the œsophagus. I was then advised to visit one of the leading throat specialists, who, on examination, diagnosed an ulcer at the spot shown in the X-ray photograph. For several months after this I led the most careful life under the supervision of two doctors, who did everything humanly possible. The symptoms seemed to die down for a time, but in September and October, 1919, became very acute, and on my insisting upon being told the true state of my health, I was informed that there was no hope of a cure for me.

“ Whilst I cannot claim to be a deeply religious man, I am, I hope, a believer at heart. Spiritualism had always interested me, and at this time, seeing an advertisement in *Light*, inserted by a local lady healer, who was in want of a helper, I wrote to her, giving details of my case, and asking if there was any hope of my receiving spirit help. The answer came back promptly to the effect that Dr. Beale said there was. A meeting with his medium, Miss Rose, was arranged, and the doctor ‘came through,’ and at once told me that, if his directions were faithfully carried out, the ulcer (which he could see) would be cured in six weeks. His treatment entailed a six weeks’ fast from all food and liquid, except a half wineglassful of bisurated magnesia night and morning. Without hesitation I undertook to follow his directions, first pointing out that my heart had been badly strained during the South African War. and also that I was very subject to colds and bronchitis (thinking at the time that I might not survive the extreme weakness of the latter part of the fast). The doctor’s answer was that I should not suffer in any way, except from thirst and weakness, and that I should never be without the presence and help of one of his band of spirit helpers, who would at once summon him if necessary.

“ I underwent the fast for forty-two days ; it was rather a trying time, as the sense of thirst was at times a nightmare. Beyond this I suffered no discomfort at all, but was, of course, in a very weak state towards the end.

“ I have no special psychic powers, and on one occasion only, during the fast, was the presence of

my spirit friends made known to me. I was lying still, towards midnight, and wondering how long it would be possible to bear the awful thirst I was enduring, when a voice spoke, and said to me distinctly : ' Don't worry ; everything is quite well with you. Jimmy Vincent is speaking to you ; you will remember him,' and a few words more to that effect. The next day Dr. Beale told me who J. V. was and where he had practised as a material doctor, and I was able to verify this at a later date.

" I suppose I was rather a trying patient, but I never lost hope of an ultimate cure, which came to pass, as Dr. Beale had promised me, in God's name, that it would. My dear wife and daughter, and also my sister, together with the doctor's workers, were unremitting in their care of me, and earned the doctor's commendation and my gratitude.

" The period of convalescence was a slow and trying one, and I paid several visits to Dr. Beale, always to receive the assurance that the final recovery to full strength would be sure though slow. It is now just a year since I was cured, and I can eat anything ' without turning a hair.' The village I live in is not a stronghold of spiritualism, and although I have made no secret of my cure, but few have been sufficiently interested to enquire into it.

" One of the doctors who had formerly made a special study of my case begged me to come to see him and give him details of my treatment. He listened to me for two hours, pronounced me completely cured, and said he considered the experiences I had related very wonderful. V. G. H."

A FIGHT FOR LIFE

V

ATTACK AND ARMISTICE

I WAS soon to have further personal experience of Dr. Beale's help. I have related the following case in fuller detail than the others, and my readers must forgive me if they grow weary of the somewhat monotonous record of the ups and downs of a long illness.

I felt it necessary to dwell upon them rather particularly, and have noted even the most trivial details of the treatment and advice given by Dr. Beale, hoping my readers will bear in mind that Miss Rose in her normal condition knows nothing of nursing or medicine except what she has now learned from Dr. Beale in the course of her work for him.

On October 27th, 1918, my sister C. went to bed with a temperature of 102. We did not think much of this. Influenza was prevalent; she was very subject to it, and, though she usually had it in a mild form, took a long time to throw off the effects. A few days before both Mrs. Fair and Miss Rose had been at our house, and Dr. Beale had interviewed my sister, sensed slight inflammation of the bladder, and prescribed quiet and care. At the same time Mrs. Fair told me privately that as she was on her way she was shown a most unhealthy internal condition (it looked to her like a fungus growth on the

kidney), and she could not help connecting it with my sister, though she had no real reason for doing so.

When, on the 28th, I found C.'s temperature over 103, I took a piece of her hair to Miss Rose, who was staying some four miles away, in order to get further advice from the doctor. He sensed the hair, and said it was a case of a chill, and prescribed quinine and other local remedies for the inflammation. The next day both Mrs. Fair and Miss Rose went away to the country for some days, but Miss Forest happened to be staying with us for a long-promised visit, so we were still able to get psychic messages from Dr. Beale through her. These were reassuring, and he begged us to continue the quinine and to keep the patient very quiet.

On the 29th we sent for our earth doctor, Dr. Steadall. He said that my sister must have caught a chill, which had brought on cystitis. He ordered more quinine, and told her to stay where she was—in bed.

When Miss Rose returned from the country on November 4th we again consulted Dr. Beale through her, and he ordered a hot bath and a dose of sweet nitre in gruel, and told C. to drink as much barley and lime water as possible, and to avoid much solid food. Later on he gave her yarrow tea.

The fever was lessened, but soon began to rise again. Mrs. Fair told me she still felt that the condition she had been shown referred to my sister, but she could get no confirmation of it from the spirit world, so tried to believe she was mistaken. All this time Miss Rose had been unable to come to see us, owing to a pressure of work, but Dr. Beale

had arranged for her to do so on November 7th. He was anxious to get into closer touch with C. She had now been in bed for ten days with constant fever, which showed but little sign of abating. Indeed, it steadily increased, and on the previous evening had reached 105.

As I mentioned above, Dr. Steadall was in attendance, and had pronounced it to be a case of influenza, coupled with cystitis, but he did not seem to think seriously of the attack. He said that neither the cystitis nor the influenza seemed sufficient in itself to account for so much fever, but that no doubt it was due to a combination of the two, and he discounted in some measure because he knew that my sister was rather given to running a slight temperature without apparently much cause. He gave me no hint that there was any need for anxiety. I myself had had very little experience of serious illness, and Miss Forest's visits to Dr. Beale had reassured me.

When, however, on Thursday morning, I received a postcard from Miss Rose, saying that she would not be able to come over, but that, if I cared to go to her, I could have an interview with Dr. Beale, I at once set off to find her, taking with me another piece of C.'s hair for diagnosis. I knew that Miss Rose was going away the next day to a case in the North—an urgent case of acute suffering—and that this would be my last chance of getting into direct touch with Dr. Beale for some time. When I arrived at her house I found a telegram from her prospective patient, asking her to postpone her visit for a few days. I rejoiced at the news, as I realised that now

Dr. Beale would be able to come and see my sister through Miss Rose before taking the latter far away.

When the doctor came through he said he was very glad of the change of plan. He could not gather much from the piece of hair I gave him, and said he would not feel satisfied unless he could get into closer touch with C. through his medium. He did not like the continued high temperature, but, knowing her tendency to fever, he considered that it might not mean so much in her case as it would in that of another. He arranged to come over on the following day—Friday.

By this time I think Dr. Steadall must have begun to be a little anxious, for he came again on Friday instead of leaving a day between his visits as he had done before. He came at an unusual hour, though, so I missed him, and my sister merely said that he was not very pleased with her.

I had chaffingly told him some time before that if he could not do more for her I should certainly have to send for Dr. Beale.

On Friday afternoon Miss Rose appeared, and Dr. Beale at once took control and went into my sister's room. When he came out he gave a most serious account of her. He said he had had no idea she was so ill. He found a great deal of internal inflammation, the fever was high, and she was very weak. He gave orders for her to be sponged with warm water and vinegar whenever the temperature rose, and said she must be carefully nursed and husband every ounce of strength she possessed, as she had none to spare. He insisted on a fire in her room, and begged us to keep the temperature as even

as possible. He had magnetised her a little and left her more comfortable, and said he would see her again before Miss Rose left. I went up with him about 5.30, and found her temperature nearly 106 and great weakness.*

He said he must see her again to-morrow, and would probably bring Miss Rose over in the morning. He had given directions about food some days before when Miss Forest visited him, and he now gave stringent orders that the patient was to have no solid food, but plenty of milk.

At that time, owing to war restrictions, milk was difficult to get, but, thanks to the kindness of friends, we were able to have far more than our share, and most grateful we were for it, as it was my sister's chief form of nourishment for many weeks.

That night, for the first time, I realised that C. was really ill. We fixed up an electric bell in her room, and with great difficulty made her promise to ring it if she needed anything.

I went in during the night, but found her comfortable, so only made up the fire and left her.

The next morning (Saturday) Miss Rose arrived at about twelve o'clock. She told me that in the night Dr. Beale had been very anxious about C., and had regretted that he had not made Miss Rose stay at our house. She told him that she was quite ready to get up and come over to us in the middle of the night if he wished. However, he decided to wait till the morning, and meantime did all he could

* Dr. Beale never needed to take the temperature, but seemed to gauge it most accurately by sensing.

by magnetism* and spirit power to bring down the fever and give strength to the patient. He told me afterwards that he did not at all like the look of her aura; it was so grey and unhealthy.

Dr. Beale came through for a few moments and asked if Dr. Steadall had yet been; he said he would not go up to my sister till after his visit. Hardly had he asked the question before Dr. Steadall appeared. I should have mentioned that the latter was treating C. with urotropine and quinine, but he had given no directions about diet or about anything to reduce the fever. I had a long talk with him that morning, and for the first time he showed me that he was anxious about his patient. He told me plainly that he feared suppuration of the kidneys; he found them very tender. I asked him why he had not given me any idea before that this was a serious illness, and he replied he had not thought so himself till the previous day, though he always felt anxious when my sister got ill, as she was frail to start with. I suggested a trained nurse. He said, "You would not get one anywhere; a woman to sit up at night would be the only possibility." I ventured to repeat the suggestions Dr. Beale had made, without naming the source of them, and Dr. Steadall cordially approved of our carrying them out, but he laughed at the idea of any special diet in war-time.

I reported to Dr. Beale what Dr. Steadall had said. He was even more grave, and said, "Yes, it is the kidneys I am afraid of." He went to see

* By magnetism I do not, of course, mean what is usually understood by the word. It was used by Dr. Beale in a peculiar psychic sense.

C., and found her very bad. He said he could not possibly take Miss Rose to the North till Tuesday, and not then unless there was a decided change in my sister's condition; but, as far as he could see, he believed it would be only a matter of hours—she could not possibly go on as she was—and Monday would probably show a great change either for better or worse. I sent off telegrams accordingly, altering Miss Rose's plans once more. Dr. Beale arranged to bring her to sleep in the house; he said he must have her on the spot.

He gave orders for C. to be sponged every two hours, and to be moved as little as possible; gave her marigold tea and a mixture made from slippery elm (a South American tree), and advised her to eat plenty of grapes and to continue the barley water. He also ordered her a large dose of bisurated magnesia daily, as he said its drying properties would be helpful. He would have liked to double the dose of urotropine given by Dr. Steadall, but we felt we could not well do this.

He told me he might have to make her violently sick, but in her weak condition it would be a risky procedure, and he intended to try other means first.

Miss Rose went back to keep an appointment and to fetch her luggage, and the doctor went off to higher spheres to find the Professor, and to ask whether he would come and help with an urgent case upon earth. He told him he believed that a few hours would decide whether this life was to be spared, and that he himself felt that much work on earth still remained to be done by this patient.

A few weeks before this we had had a visit from

a very bright spirit, D., who brought a message to my sister that new work would open out for her in the beginning of the year. We were told that transition from the higher sphere in which this beautiful spirit dwelt necessitated a gradual assumption of a less ethereal envelope, in order to be able to stand the earth conditions, and the time needed for this preparation was three months of our time. He himself spoke of two others on the earth-plane to whom he must give messages before returning. I asked him if he knew where they lived, and he said No, but he would be able to find them by their lights.

He visited us again after he had finished this mission, and said he must now return to the higher realms. No doubt Dr. Beale recalled this incident in talking to the Professor.

The latter at once promised his help, but said it would tax their powers to the utmost to pull my sister through, and that the doctor must be prepared to take possession of Miss Rose's body whenever the Professor required him to do so.

C. was wonderfully unaware of her very serious condition, and I merely told her that, as Dr. Beale wished to see her again to-morrow, I had offered Miss Rose a bed, as I thought it might save her going to and fro. Miss Rose returned in the evening, ready to stay as long as the doctor thought necessary, and I can hardly describe the relief it was to me to feel she was in the house, and that the doctor could come through at any moment. He went to his patient at ten o'clock that evening and worked for three and a half hours, sponging her with vinegar and water, and putting hot fomentations on

the abdomen. He succeeded in bringing the temperature down to 101; it had been 105·6. He assured me I need have no anxiety about her during the night; he would control Miss Rose in her sleep, and take her into C.'s room if he saw she was needing any attention. I heard him doing so several times in the night, attending to the fire, boiling up water, etc., and at six o'clock in the morning, hearing him in the passage, I went out to get news from him. I wanted him to make Miss Rose stay in bed for breakfast, but he said he had promised the Professor to "keep control" till midnight on Sunday, and could allow no one else to be in charge till after that.

Dr. Beale told me the Professor had been in C.'s room all night, working hard on her. He had been most anxious to get her spirit away from her body for a while, in order that it might be refreshed and freed from the diseased conditions; he succeeded in this, and it re-acted beneficially on the body.

He said both he and the Professor were rewarded for their hard night's work, for my sister was decidedly better, and they hoped they might be able to avoid having to induce sickness; but they still felt that to pull her through would need all the power and help they could bring to bear on her.

When I went to see C., she described a large battery, which she saw over her bed in the night. She said it was like a huge cobweb, with depth as well as length and breadth, and each strand of the cobweb seemed to be vibrating with life, and pouring down power on her. Dr. Beale said this was a special battery, which was usually kept at the

Professor's place, but had been with difficulty brought down into my sister's room, in order to give strength and to facilitate the Professor's work.

After breakfast Dr. Beale worked again upon the patient, sponging, fomenting, magnetising, and when Dr. Steadall paid his usual morning visit he reported decided improvement—a better colour, stronger pulse, less pain in the kidneys, and less pus in the water. He enquired whether we had succeeded in getting anyone to come and help at night. I said we had managed to get a spirit, to which he replied, “ Well, that's better than no one.”

Dr. Beale was very pleased to hear Dr. Steadall's account of my sister, but said she varied so from hour to hour that he still felt anything might happen. The Professor prophesied a change for the better at midnight, and again at noon the next day.

That evening, before the doctor went up to C., we all united in silent prayer for her, and also for the poor suffering patient in the North, who was still anxiously awaiting Dr. Beale's visit.

He again spent till long after midnight with my sister, giving her great relief. On the stroke of twelve I opened my door. (I had been waiting in prayer and hope for the change which had been foretold by the Professor). The doctor heard me, and greeted me in the passage with “ What *are* you doing? You ought to be asleep long ago! ” I said, “ I couldn't wait till morning; I felt I must know. Is there any change? ” He told me, “ Yes, a decided change for the better, and I feel sure she will have a good night and be better still in the morning.” He went back to his patient, and I

heard him in and out of her room till morning, when he allowed Miss Rose to go to bed, and Miss Forest and I took charge in turn.

Dr. Steadall came about eleven o'clock, and again gave a very satisfactory report. He found improvement all the way round. Later Dr. Beale noted another change for the better, and said the Professor was quite satisfied, and felt that now C. was out of danger; but that she would need the very greatest care if a relapse was to be avoided, and no change of any sort must be made till the end of the week. He wished the sponging and fomentations to be continued, also the diet and medicines, and no visitors were to be allowed till Friday at the earliest. He hoped by then she might be able to see her sister, who lived about a mile away. The latter was in and out of the house constantly, but had not been allowed to see C. since Dr. Beale had been in attendance. He laid the greatest stress on the necessity for complete quiet.

I could not help wishing that Miss Rose had been free to stay with us a little longer, but I knew that the patient in the North was in great suffering, and that Dr. Beale's visit to her had already been postponed on our account. He said, as C. was so much better, he would not feel justified in delaying longer. but he would, of course, still be in charge of the case, and he felt sure that Miss Forest would be able to hear his directions and carry out his wishes. He would not have dreamed of taking Miss Rose away had he not felt sure of this, and he believed all would now go well.

This was November 11th, the day the Armistice was declared, and my personal reason for joy and

thankfulness blended with the larger cause for praise and thanksgiving. I hung up the Union Jack outside the house with a very full heart, thinking of all the mothers whose sons had been spared to them, and feeling that I could enter into their rejoicing with a greater understanding owing to the experience I had just passed through. The doctor would not hear of my going to the thanksgiving service; he said I must have my thanksgiving in bed, so thither I retired, while Miss Forest and a friend went to church, the doctor insisting on Miss Rose still being on the spot, as he should want to come through to my sister again.

All these days C. had not been allowed to see Miss Rose at all; she had only seen her when controlled by Dr. Beale. Miss Rose had been into her room in spirit, but she wished very much to go in her body, and see her for a few minutes before going away. Dr. Beale, however, did not approve of this suggestion; he was afraid my sister would tire herself trying to thank her and to show appreciation of all she had done for her; so Miss Rose left the house early the next morning, without having set eyes on my sister, although she had been the means of all the help given.

I spent some time that evening trying to persuade her to accept a little present, as a slight token of my gratitude for all the comfort she had given me. I told her that, of course, I should never dream of trying to *pay* for such services; it would be impossible. She, however, quite refused to take anything, and said I should only make her most unhappy if I insisted on giving her a present in any shape or form. She had come as a friend in need, and she

wished to be allowed to remain on that footing. I longed to give the doctor something worthy of his beautiful spirit world, in comparison with which all our earth gifts must seem so sordid and ugly, but still more in his case was I incapable of making any return for all his goodness. He assured me that service was the keynote of the spheres beyond, and that he loved to give; and with that I had to be content.

That evening he gave Miss Forest most exact and careful directions as to the nursing of the patient, preparing her for every possible emergency, and begging her to relax nothing whatever for the next four days. After that, if all went well, he would allow a little solid food. He made a great point of keeping the temperature of the room as even as possible.

He told me not to be alarmed even if the fever increased again; it would probably hang about for some days, but there was no need to be anxious about it. Miss Forest and I arranged to take it in turn to attend to my sister at night, and the doctor exacted a promise from her that she would ring at once should any shivering or perspiration come on.

Then he controlled Miss Rose, and worked upon C. for the last time. He was again with her till long after midnight. In the morning, when I went to visit her, I found her sleeping quietly and looking much better. Miss Rose went off at 7.30 a.m., leaving me full of thankfulness at the great improvement that had taken place during her short visit.

Dr. Steadall again gave a most encouraging report, and I sent a telegram to my brother to that effect.

VI

THE FIGHT RENEWED

FOR three days my sister's temperature had not risen above 103, but when I went to see her about six o'clock I found it 104. Sponging, however, brought it down again to 102, and I recalled Dr. Beale's words that we were not to be alarmed even if it rose again to 105.

Later, when Miss Forest and I were at supper downstairs, the former saw a little spirit boy trying to attract her attention. He gave her a message to go upstairs at once. She saw C. was beginning to shiver, and rang the bell for me. We got hot water bottles and packed them round her, gave her a hot drink, and Miss Forest held a hot sponge to the abdomen; and, under psychic directions, she placed her hands on various nerve centres, in order that magnetic power might reach them. This rigor was followed by tremendous perspirations lasting for hours. We did not take the temperature until C. was more comfortable; then it proved to be 104, but I fancy it must have been a good deal higher. Miss Forest received orders not to give hot fomentations on the kidneys or abdomen, but to sponge the body with warm water, and to hold a hot sponge at the base of the spine. She worked away for about four hours, and left her patient feeling much better; and later on in the night she spent another hour,

changing and sponging her and giving her nourishment.

I went to C. early in the morning, leaving Miss Forest to sleep on till ten o'clock, as she needed the rest after her disturbed night. C. seemed better, and her temperature was normal, but soon rose again to 103·2, and I felt anxious. When Dr. Steadall came, I saw that he did not at all like the account of the severe rigor. He was dissatisfied in every way, and said that the kidneys were in a bad way, and that he feared the poison was spreading upwards. He spoke of a possible operation on the kidneys, but said that this would be of no use unless one kidney was in good condition, and he was afraid such was not the case. He promised to ask his partner to come and see her.

Though I felt sure that Dr. Beale realised my sister had had this bad turn and was not so well, I felt also that he would wish me to send him news through Miss Rose; so, not being certain whether she were still in town or whether she had gone North, I sent duplicate telegrams to both places.

This was about two o'clock on Wednesday, and, though I paid a reply, I received no answer till six p.m. on Thursday. Then a telegram came, giving directions as to what Miss Forest should do if another rigor came on, and these proved to be in accord with those she had received clairaudiently. She had also had a psychic message, " Shall return if necessary," but the telegram said nothing about this.

C. had a more comfortable night, and Miss Forest got word from Dr. Beale that he considered

her decidedly better again. Dr. Steadall did not come till late that day; he, too, reported improvement, but said we must not count on it. Miss Forest sponged and fomented my sister, and when she had finished, a message came from Dr. Beale that she was not to leave her for long, as he feared another rigor. Miss Forest, looking at her, noticed that her lips were rather blue. It was warded off, however, and she got quite a comfortable night and seemed stronger in the morning. The temperature was lower, and had not risen again by noon. Dr. Steadall found her pulse stronger, but he did not like the great variations of temperature. It still rose to 103·4. He said he felt there must be suppuration of the kidneys and pus in the blood, and we must be prepared for new developments and for suppuration in other parts of the body. He said C. was now suffering from a kind of pyæmia.

That evening, Friday, November 15th, I was sitting in the drawing-room when the hall door opened quietly and in walked Miss Rose. She had been travelling since 7 a.m. and was very tired, so I tucked her up on the sofa to rest. She said that the doctor had been very worried over C. on the evening of the Tuesday (the day Miss Rose left), and had worked hard on her that night; but, finding her better on the Wednesday, he thought it best to go North, and she and Mrs. Fair had travelled up that day—they had not been able to get off on the Tuesday. The telegram I sent North was apparently never delivered, but the one sent to town was kindly telegraphed on by a friend, and greeted Miss Rose just as she arrived at her destination about 6 p.m.

She had not even taken off her things. She immediately communicated with Dr. Beale, and read him the telegram, and he sent the answer which took so long in coming. He at once made up his mind that he would have to come back, but, finding my sister slightly better again, he determined to try and stay long enough to diagnose the case in hand. He saw that it would be a long case, and that he could not do more than make arrangements for the future, and give the patient one or two treatments, in order, if possible, to inspire confidence and to show the sort of way he worked; but he told Miss Rose to be ready to leave at any moment. She found that by starting quite early on Friday she would arrive almost as soon as by leaving on Thursday afternoon.

My sister knew nothing of my having telegraphed to Miss Rose, but she took her return very quietly. The doctor told her that he had finished the case in the North for the present, so he felt he could not do better than return to his patient in the South, and stay with her till she was better. As before, she did not see Miss Rose at all, only Miss Rose controlled by the doctor. We all felt a great sense of relief and thankfulness that Miss Rose was once more in the house.

Dr. Beale wanted her to rest, so he let Miss Forest do the sponging and fomenting that evening, but insisted on working through her. At the time he was talking to me through Miss Rose, but he would not stay more than a few minutes, as he said Miss Forest was ready and he must go and superintend her work.

After she had finished he controlled Miss Rose, and gave my sister a good magnetising.

He told Miss Forest she was to go to bed, and not listen for the bell at all. He would again take charge all night in spirit, and control Miss Rose if C. needed any attention. I heard him take her into the room two or three times in the night. The temperature was down, and this always meant profuse perspiration, which necessitated constant changing and drying of garments.

I made Miss Rose spend the morning in bed; my sister seemed better, and Dr. Steadall found slight improvement. His partner came that evening, and examined her thoroughly, but could find no trace of any trouble except this septic condition of the kidneys, and he said he hoped that might clear up. The temperature seemed to be coming down gradually, which was a good sign. That night Dr. Beale worked hard to try to prevent the weakening perspirations. He said he magnetised her without waking her and drew off grey clouds of moisture, and she slept wonderfully well and needed no changing.

The next day was Sunday, November 17th, and Dr. Beale gave leave for our sister, Mrs. A., to see C. for five minutes. She brought news that our brother hoped to run down for two nights the next Wednesday. C. was very pleased to hear this, and at once asked that he might bring his little Communion Service and give us the Holy Communion.

That afternoon, to our surprise, Mrs. Fair appeared, and we found she had kindly made plans to stay near by. I was indeed privileged to have

yet another friend and helper ready to give freely wheresoever her help was required.

Dr. Beale found my sister very drowsy and tired that evening—much too drowsy, he thought. He begged us to unite once more in silent prayer before he went to her, as this gave him more power, and created a helpful atmosphere for his work.

That day Miss Forest saw a very bright spirit, standing with her hand on C.'s forehead, and the doctor said it was our mother. Hitherto she had been in constant communication with Dr. Beale, asking for news of C., but she now came herself, and added one more to the band of spirit helpers lending their aid on our behalf.

In the evening Dr. Beale was again troubled by the greyness of C.'s aura. He said he believed she would be spared, but it was no use hiding the anxiety he felt about her, and I must be prepared for the worst. I asked if the Professor had been to see her again. He said, "Several times." He had sent out a call for him on the receipt of my telegram on Wednesday, and he had been with her part of Thursday and Friday nights, and would be again that night. and the large battery had once more been brought down and put in her room. Dr. Beale said the Professor thought her very ill, but was confident that she would pull through. I left my door ajar that night, and the doctor, hearing me awake, came in about 4 a.m. He thought C. slightly better again; the greyness of the aura was dispersing. Each time that he went in, in the night, he found the Professor hard at work, drawing off poison, and he said she had had some nice sleep.

That day Dr. Steadall said he and his partner had been consulting together about my sister, and they thought it might be worth while for them to send for examination a specimen of her urine, so that a culture could be made from the bacteria and injections given. This might set up an antidote to the poison in other parts of the body, and help her to throw off the pyæmia. But if this was to be done, she must stop the urotropine for some thirty hours beforehand.

C. was told and agreed to the proposal, and it was arranged that Dr. Steadall should come and take the specimen the following afternoon. When he had left, we, of course, consulted Dr. Beale. My married sister happened to come in at the time, and was most anxious to know what he thought. He said he felt that no good would be done by such injections, and that, in the patient's weak condition, a good deal of strength would be expended in obtaining the specimen required. He wished us, however, to do exactly as we felt best, but said that if we decided in favour of it, he must stop all treatment for the next thirty hours, as it would not be fair to the medical profession to send a specimen of the water taken while he was treating my sister.

This put a different complexion on the matter. Hitherto he had been able to draw into the water a quantity of pus, and especially was this the case when he gave hot abdominal fomentations and magnetised the kidneys. Dr. Steadall had been struck by the extraordinary variation in the water, but said that it was quite impossible for fomentation to thicken the urine in such a way. "Magnetism"

in this sense was, of course, non-existent in his medical vocabulary. He agreed that if pus could be drawn away from the kidneys it would be a very good thing, and Dr. Beale maintained that he was working off a quantity of the poison in that way. We none of us liked the idea of his discontinuing his treatment, and I had never anticipated that this would be necessary.

We begged him to go on with his work, and determined to put off the decision about the injections until we could discuss the matter with our brother, and he could talk it over with Dr. Steadall. I felt myself that the latter did not believe that much could be gained by the injections, but that, as it was the modern way of treating such cases, he felt bound to suggest it, especially as he had nothing else to suggest. I wrote and told him we would defer the question, and he was quite agreeable. He said he did not consider that my sister was any worse, and that each day she held her own, and there was no trace of the poison setting up mischief elsewhere, it was so much to the good. His great fear was lest it should go to the heart.

For the last two days Dr. Beale had allowed C. to have some chicken broth, and on this day she greatly enjoyed a piece of toast. She was also allowed a visitor or two for two or three minutes. Her temperature had kept much steadier all day, only registering 100 and 101.

Mrs. Fair came in, and she and the doctor discussed the case together. She had psychic vision of many of his patients, and was often able to help him in this way, confirming his diagnosis or making

new suggestions. They both agreed that the kidneys were very swollen and unhealthy-looking, and that the right one seemed to be hard and was doing no work at all, while the left one, though working, appeared to have a curious fungus-like projection coming from it. Altogether they "sensed" them as being in a very bad condition.

At this time our vicar was away at the Front, but a friend of his, who was taking his duty, called that afternoon to enquire for my sister.

Prayer was being made for her in church Sunday by Sunday. We felt she was not well enough for a visit that afternoon, so he went away without seeing her; but Miss Rose amused us by describing a spirit clergyman she saw with him, who refused to go away, and went upstairs to my sister's room, saying, "Well, if *you* can't go, *I* can!" We told C. what Miss Rose had heard and seen, and said we hoped she had duly appreciated this unexpected pastoral visit!

That evening, as we again concentrated in prayer for her, someone controlled Miss Rose, and prayed most earnestly, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that the invalid might realise God's presence, and that, if it were His will, healing and strength might be given to her, but that we all might realise that God knew best. He also prayed for the doctor, that he might receive more power from God and do yet greater things. As she came to herself again Miss Rose recognised the spirit who had visited my sister that afternoon. She had seen him once before in the pulpit with the preacher at our church, and he had afterwards made himself known to us as a

guide and helper of the former. Miss Rose described him as having a very powerful and far-reaching aura.

Dr. Beale asked me to write to a herbalist to order some lobelia seed and lobelia herb powder, as, if my sister's temperature rose again, he might have to resort to making her very sick. Anyway, he wished to have it in the house in case of need. He told me to order a quarter of a pound of each, and also some composition powder. That night C. had to be changed five times on account of profuse sweating, but each time the doctor attended to her, and gave her nourishment and power. I had begged him to take a specimen of C.'s water *before* he fomented and magnetised her, as well as afterwards. He did so, and I showed the two specimens to Dr. Steadall. He was struck with the difference between them, but declared, as before, that no fomentation could account for that.

Our spirit minister again visited us and offered up prayer, and we all felt cheered by his kind interest and help. C. seemed a trifle better the next day, after a good night, and Miss Rose, for the first time, was allowed to see her for a few minutes. My brother was to arrive that evening, November 20th, and Dr. Beale gave leave for him to see C. if her temperature was not over 100.

Dr. Steadall found her pulse stronger, and said she was certainly better. I told him Dr. Beale had given the same report. He retorted, "Well, of course his opinion would weigh very much with me. but I will try and not be prejudiced by it!" and departed, looking very much amused. He promised to have a talk with my brother.

The latter arrived and saw C. for five minutes, and arranged to come and give her the Holy Communion the next morning. Only our brother and our sister and brother-in-law were allowed to be present, but the doctor told us afterwards that many of our friends and relatives on the other side were with us.

That day my brother had a talk with Dr. Steadall. He told me afterwards that the latter had given him very little hope of C.'s recovery. He said the chances were all against it, though it was wonderful how she took nourishment and maintained strength. They discussed the advisability of the injection treatment, but it was decided not to try it.

My sister's temperature, which had been keeping much lower and steadier the last few days, was now rising again rapidly, and about 4 p.m. Dr. Beale came to tell me it had reached 105, and that she would not be able to see my brother again that day. He thought the rise of the temperature might be partly due to the excitement of his visit, but he feared it showed that the poison was increasing. He found her pulse so weak that he could not feel it at all, and she seemed altogether so low that he felt she might just slip away in her sleep at any moment.

The Professor had gone away on Wednesday morning, but the doctor flashed a message to him about the rising temperature. Dr. Beale spent a good deal of time with C. that night, and in the morning her pulse was stronger. The Professor had not returned, but had sent a message, "With you in thought."

My brother was allowed to see her again for a few minutes. The doctor felt it might be the last time he would see her on earth, and was most anxious he should do so; I am sure my brother himself thought he was saying a long good-bye to her.

VII

A LAST RESOURCE

It was now nearly a month since my sister was first taken ill, and although it was wonderful she was still alive, there was no sign of permanent improvement in her condition.

When Dr. Steadall visited her on November 22nd he did not at all like this marked return of fever. He said later there was poison in the blood; the kidney trouble alone was not sufficient to account for it. He looked very grave, and again said he was afraid of the heart, though he could not find any trace of damage there.

Soon after this Dr. Beale brought word that the Professor had returned, and that he was going to overshadow him more closely than he had yet done whilst he made a further examination of my sister, in order that they might make sure how far the blood was infected. The Professor was not used to controlling, so he felt that this would be the most satisfactory way of making his examination.

Presently Dr. Beale came to report. He said the Professor had been able to get very close to C., and found that her system was full of poison. He said Dr. Beale was just keeping her alive by drawing off quantities of it each day, and that if he were to stop working on her it would rapidly increase. He felt, however, that some more drastic treatment

must be resorted to. She might be kept alive in this way for several weeks, but they could not deal with the root of the matter thus. Something must be done to counteract the poison in the system.

When first called to the case, the Professor had mentioned yeast as a possible remedy, but had said that he should not give it except as an extreme measure, as in my sister's weak condition the effects must necessarily be very trying, if not serious. He and Dr. Beale agreed that the time had now come when yeast must be given. They had tried to avoid it, and to bring about a cure by other measures, but this return of high temperature showed that the poison was getting the mastery. They said the sooner we could get some fresh yeast, the better. Dr. Beale found that the pain in my sister's side was certainly higher up than it had been, and he feared the poison was spreading. I asked him if I should tell Dr. Steadall, and he said, "You must do as you like. Talk it over with your sister, Mrs. A., and decide. You might first ask Dr. Steadall if he has anything else to suggest. We are only advising this as a last resource." I said I thought I should tell him, but that, no matter what he said, I should, provided my sister agreed, go forward with the treatment suggested.

That evening we had a special time of concentration and prayer. Mrs. Fair was with us, and she felt a very powerful presence in our midst. Presently Miss Rose was controlled in a most unusual way. I had never before seen her eyeballs rolled upwards as they were. The control stood up with outspread hands, and said, "All will be well. I am a mes-

senger from the universal Father. The Great Physician, the Lord is here. He will be with His child. Great is the necessity, but great the strength. You must carry out the injunctions of this wise spirit. You must give him all the help you can. All the forces of prayer will be needed. Light is upon you. It is the Lord's will that this sister shall be restored, but all must be done according to the directions of this ministering spirit. The power of the Lord must be made manifest through His servant, and he will be given a hundredfold greater power for this time." The speaker then gave the name of the bright spirit, D., who had visited us before, but said he was only the mouthpiece of a higher spirit who could not control.

During all this the medium's body swayed so much that we were afraid she would fall.

Then we had a visit from the Professor, who said: "I know I need not ask you to give all the sympathy you can to the operating spirit. We hope this simple remedy of yeast will do what is needed. We, on our side, shall blend something with it which will make it more effectual. We wish only the operating spirit to be in the room for twenty-four hours. Someone will, of course, be outside ready to fetch and carry, but the room will be so charged by us with power from the spirit world that it would not be a comfortable atmosphere for any of you. If at any time the doctor should need help, we will make a pathway for someone."

He then begged Mrs. Fair to be present in the house during this time. I enquired if the yeast would be likely to produce great sickness. He said

he could not say exactly how it would act, but that in thirty-six hours the poison ought to be cleared away from the body. He added, "You have had a wonderful gathering here to-night. It was to give assurance to us on the other side as well as to yourselves." He told us that the spirit D. started back to earth directly C. began to be ill, and had been helped to travel very quickly in order to be present that evening, and to give the message of hope and assurance.

My sister, Mrs. A., came in later that evening. She was most anxious for the yeast to be tried, and promised to do her utmost to procure it early the next morning.

That evening Dr. Beale asked us to make the house as quiet as possible; we laid down rugs in all the passages, muffled the door bell, and did all we could to lessen sound everywhere.

He said each time my sister started, it gave her a slight shock, and used up strength unnecessarily.

We all felt much cheered by the many tokens of help and encouragement given to us.

Dr. Beale gave C. a treatment, and succeeded in bringing down the temperature a little; but he said she was very low, and he should not leave her at all that night unless he got a most urgent call. I heard him in and out several times during the night. I could see that he was anxious, but he said the Professor was most hopeful, and he himself was encouraged by the messages given from the other world. Being so much on the material plane, it was very difficult for him to avoid being influenced by our thoughts and fears, and it was a great help to

have quite an independent opinion such as that of the Professor.

I am not likely to forget Saturday, November 23rd, 1918. I began the day quite early by writing a long letter to my brother, telling him of the new treatment about to be tried. I hoped it might reach him the same day, but it did not do so till the morning of Sunday. Then I went into C., and found she had had a bad night. Dr. Beale told her later about the yeast, and she was quite ready to do as he wished. It was extraordinary how little idea she seemed to have of her condition, though she insisted on taking her own temperature each day, and was keenly interested in its vagaries.

My sister, Mrs. A., was bicycling round trying to get the yeast; at two breweries a quantity had just been thrown away as not required, but at last she returned triumphant with a large jugful, and Dr. Beale decided he would begin to administer it at two o'clock, whether Dr. Steadall had paid his usual visit or no.

Mrs. A. had met the latter on her way, and told him she hoped he was coming early, as she knew I had something to ask him. He replied that he was afraid that would be impossible. Influenza was raging, and he had forty cases on hand, all of which ought first to be visited. He added that nothing he could do could make any difference to my sister; he considered that she was not getting on at all.

However, he appeared about one o'clock. I asked him if he had anything further to suggest for C.'s case. He said, "Nothing." I then asked him if he had any objection to our giving her yeast, as

Dr. Beale was most anxious to try it. He at once said, "Not the least; it might do her good. I don't give it in a case of this sort, but I should in a case of boils or local poisoning." Then he went on to say that we must stop it at once if it produced sickness, and that we had better begin very cautiously with a quarter of a teaspoon, and increase gradually to three tablespoonfuls in the twenty-four hours. As, however, I was not even to be permitted in the room during its administration, I did not pay particular attention to these injunctions. I knew that, if I was to trust the spirit helpers, I must trust them fully, and I did.

After Dr. Steadall's visit to my sister, he said she had fallen away shockingly the last two days, and he also said he found the spleen very tender, and was afraid mischief was setting up there. He remarked how much pus had come away in the water.

Dr. Beale asked for whisky in case of need. He already had brandy at hand. All nourishment* and medicine were to be stopped during the next twenty-four hours, but if need arose he would use alcohol as an external stimulant, rubbing the heart, the palms of the hands and the feet with it, or even sponging the whole body.

He promised to look well after his instrument, and to take nourishment for her whilst he was controlling her body, for the Professor had told him he would have to keep control as long as possible.

I was allowed to watch C. take her first dose of

* At this time it was being given every hour.

yeast. It was a heaped-up teaspoon, and she could not swallow it without the assistance of a little water. Then I left her in the care of the spirit doctors. I lay down to rest and to concentrate in prayer, Mrs. Fair and Miss Forest doing the same; but the latter also undertook to listen for the doctor's bell, in case he should require anything. For nearly three hours dead silence reigned. Then Mrs. Fair took a cup of tea to my sister's door, and sent a mental message to the doctor to come to take it. He did so, drank it, and presently rang for another.

We all united again in prayer, and about 6.30 the doctor appeared and reported that all was going well. He seemed intensely interested in his case. He said the Professor was showing him all the organs, blood-vessels, etc., of the patient's body, and the yeast working its way through them. There had been no sickness, and my sister told him the power in the room was almost overwhelming—she felt lifted up by it. The whole room was wrapped in colour by those on the other side.

He told us that the first teaspoonful of yeast was followed by two others at a quarter of an hour's interval. Then at 5 o'clock he gave another, at 5.15 another, and at 5.30 a third, and he said he intended giving this quantity every two hours until sufficient had been taken into the system to counteract the poison in the blood. He hoped that after midnight there would be no necessity to give any more. He begged us to endeavour, by strong suggestion on our part, to make the yeast a little more palatable, as C. found it so very disagreeable, and we all agreed to try and flavour it with peppermint!

Our attempts failed, however, whether due to faulty suggestive powers on our part, or lack of response on that of C., I cannot say; but she managed somehow to get down three heaped-up teaspoons every two hours until forty-two had been consumed. Later the doctor reported again that all was well, and that the yeast was doing its work. The temperature remained between 101 and 102.

We all went to bed early. Dr. Beale was to be in entire charge till two p.m. the next day. He had taken some supper for the sake of Miss Rose, and we left him with light refreshments for the night, which he promised to make use of.

He gave my sister a great fomenting and magnetising, again drawing away a large quantity of poison.

He came into my room about midnight, knowing I was awake, and said he felt much happier about C. than on the previous evening.

I slept well till a quarter to five, and then opened my door. The doctor heard me, and came to give me news. He said all was going on most satisfactorily, and C. had had a good deal of sleep. He gave her the last dose of yeast at a quarter to one. She had had no food since her lunch the day before, but he had just given her a cup of tea, which she had greatly enjoyed. She wished him to leave and let his instrument go to bed, but he said he had promised the Professor to stay till two o'clock, and could not disappoint him. He said he should give no other nourishment until she was needing it, as the longer the yeast had no food to contend with, the better.

He then asked me if I could prevent Dr. Steadall coming to see my sister that day. He did not want anyone in her room at present, and he would rather Dr. Steadall kept away for another twenty-four hours, but he was most anxious I should not offend him in any way. Mrs. A. appeared quite early before breakfast, and we sent off a telegram to my brother, "All goes well." He had only received my letter telling about the yeast treatment by the early morning post. This telegram reached him about two hours later. He told me afterwards that he made sure it was to tell of my sister's passing away, and was astounded when he opened it and read its contents.

That night C. again saw a psychic battery over her bed, and gave a detailed description of it. It seemed to her like a radiator with a fine network of wires, each of which appeared to be pouring down power upon her.

Directly after breakfast I set off on my somewhat disagreeable errand to Dr. Steadall. Happily I knew my man and his large noble nature. I had already had experience of this on more than one occasion, when smaller men would have been offended or annoyed. I did not mince matters, but told him plainly that if he did not mind, I would rather he did not come to see my sister that day or the next, unless I sent for him, as Miss Rose was in a deep trance for twenty-four hours, and Dr. Beale was alone with C. and did not wish to be disturbed by anyone. At first Dr. Steadall seemed slightly mystified, and asked if my sister was in a trance and who was with her! After further explanations, he

grasped the situation, and commented, "It is so foolish, all this trance business!" When I added that Dr. Beale had stopped all food and had given forty-two teaspoons of yeast, he exclaimed with horror, and I think he thought us all quite mad. However, I made him promise to come and see my sister on Tuesday (this being Sunday) if he thought she would still be alive.

When I got home Dr. Beale told me that C. was feeling very weak and faint, but he did not wish to give her any food yet, as there was still poison in the system. He told us he had been able to watch the yeast counteracting the poison and changing the colour of the blood. He confirmed Dr. Steadall's fears that the spleen was affected, and said the poison had been steadily creeping upwards. Punctually at two o'clock (November 24th) I was allowed to go and see my sister. I found her looking wonderfully well, and not so white as before, though decidedly limp. The temperature was normal. She said she would be very glad to be allowed some food again, but that the sense of support and power she had had was extraordinary. She also told me she had been conscious of spirit presences in her room, and had seen one spirit form sitting on the end of her bed. She gave a clear description of her.

She was allowed a cup of Benger's food that afternoon, and promised some tea later. At three o'clock the doctor took his departure, and a few minutes later Miss Rose was comfortably tucked up in bed. She realised nothing of what had taken place, and only half came to herself before she fell asleep. She slept nearly seven hours, and then

asked for some supper. She was at first very puzzled at having lost a day, and could not believe it was Sunday (instead of Saturday) evening.

The doctor returned about eleven p.m. to take charge for the night. I asked him what he had been doing while he was away. He said he had spent a good deal of time in my sister's room, and he had also been to his home in the spirit world, in order to recharge his batteries. Generally he had to work hard in order to do so, but at this time of special need a great many on the other side had been collecting power for him, and he found it stored outside his room, and all he had to do was to transfer it to the batteries. He said the battery my sister first saw was one which was generally kept at the Professor's College, and the second one was more like a radiator. It was attached to the power store at his home, and could be moved about. In cases where less power was needed, he attached a single wire with something like a telephone cup at the end. This he placed on the spot where the trouble was—*e.g.*, in a case of nervous collapse he fixed it at the back of the patient's neck.

He was as thankful as we were that the twenty-four hours were over, and he said the Professor was very satisfied with the way in which the yeast had done its work; but that C.'s condition was still most critical, and we must be fully prepared for a reaction. The yeast had cleared the poison from the blood, but there was still an accumulation in the abdomen, which must be got away by means of various injections. The left kidney continued to suppurate, and he fully expected another rise of temperature.

The next three days were very anxious ones, and we were most thankful to have Mrs. Fair's kind help, for Miss Forest was very tired after the long strain—all this time she had a heavy case of massage on hand, as well as the nursing of my sister. Mrs. Fair now took the major part of the day nursing, and proved herself invaluable. The doctor took charge at night, but he was obliged to "come through" several times in the day as well.

On Monday (November 25th) C. had two severe rigors. Dr. Beale was able to check the shivering by magnetism and by giving small doses of brandy very frequently; but the temperature rose very high, 105-106, and he had to work hard to bring it down again. He put a poultice of slippery elm over the kidneys, as he said its healing properties would be helpful.

On Tuesday Dr. Steadall paid his promised visit. He said I ought to have told him the quantity of yeast that my sister was to take, and also that it was intended that all food should be stopped; but I explained that I had left everything to Dr. Beale, and did not know myself. He replied, "Don't talk to me about Dr. Beale—you mean Miss Rose!" So we left it at that, and he went to see C. He reported that he found no complications—the spleen seemed all right and the kidneys better, though the left one was still very tender.

He told me that during the last two days a relative had telegraphed for news of my sister, and that he had replied, "Not in charge of the case for forty-eight hours."

Immediately after he had gone, Mrs. Fair took

C.'s temperature and found it 105, and then followed another severe rigor. In half an hour it had dropped to 96·2, but in an hour's time it was up again. Dr. Beale had come through in answer to a call from Mrs. Fair, and all was done that could be done. By evening the temperature was normal again, and C. was feeling comfortable; but Mrs. Fair received a psychic message from Dr. Beale that she was very likely to have another attack, and that small doses of brandy had better be given every ten minutes, and a hot bottle placed at the base of the spine.

For the first time my sister lost full consciousness. She began to wander, and to be very weak in the head, and to want to get out of bed; so we could not leave her alone even for a few minutes.

I had a short talk with the doctor before he went on night duty. He said the sudden rise and fall of temperature was, of course, a very bad sign, but that the Professor was satisfied that she would pull through, and was greatly pleased that more poison had been brought away that day. Something had been cleared from the system which ought to have come away on Sunday.

VIII

FIGHT TO A FINISH

My sister had a good night, but the next morning (Wednesday, November 27th), about five o'clock, the doctor told me to give Mrs. Fair her breakfast as soon as possible, as he thought he should need her help. He did not at all like the look of his patient. She was feeling very sick, and had tried to vomit, but without much success. The doctor asked for some lobelia powder, in order to help her to get rid of the bile. She could not retain it, but shortly afterwards managed to bring up more of the bile.

Mrs. Fair was helping the doctor, and Miss Forest and I were having breakfast, when the bell in C.'s room rang sharply. I ran upstairs, and found her looking like death and gasping for breath. Dr. Beale whispered to me, "She is very bad; you had better send for Mrs. A." I sent Miss Forest at once, and returned to my sister's room. Mrs. Fair and Dr. Beale were both by her side, trying to give her power, rubbing her heart and hands with whisky, and working in every possible way to bring life back into the body.

I cannot describe what passed during the next hours. It was indeed a struggle between life and death, and at one time the eyes began to glaze, and it seemed as if mortification had set in and all was over. Dr. Beale said afterwards that three times the heart completely stopped—once for a quarter of an hour—but he never for one instant ceased pour-

ing in power and telling my sister to draw from him. He kept on calling her name and trying to make her answer, I suppose, in order to prevent her spirit going too far away.

When she was able to swallow, he gave her several half teaspoons of brandy, and later a little milk and then champagne.

My sister, Mrs. A., had arrived a few minutes after we sent for her, and she, too, was watching the terrible struggle for life. I say "terrible" to describe its fierceness, but it did not really seem terrible. One felt so confident of God's presence all through, and knew that whatever happened she was in His keeping.

Poor Mrs. Fair, being so sensitive, took on many of C.'s symptoms and feelings, and suffered much, but never relaxed her efforts, though I think at one time she gave up all hope. The doctor made his (or rather Miss Rose's) face utterly expressionless—it gave no hint of the tremendous fight he was carrying on.

Various raps were heard in the room, and he told us afterwards that these came from the Professor, who never for one instant gave up hope, and who was all the time cheering and encouraging him with "Hold on, brother; don't give up," or some such words, and telling him exactly what to do.

Miss Forest could see everything going on in the room, and she described an enormous pipe pouring forth power over C.'s bed, and to it seemed to be attached several pads, which were put on different parts of her body, the back of the neck, the wrists, the heart.

From moment to moment we were constantly lifting up our hearts in prayer, and we now sent out a special request that Christ Himself would come to my sister. Miss Forest was in the room below, also praying. She told us afterwards that shortly after this she saw the room where C. was lying, and everything that was going on there, and the exact position of each one of us, and then she clearly saw the figure of Christ by the bedside, raising my sister up. She had not known of our special petition, but from that moment she said she felt certain of her recovery.

Gradually improvement set in, and the heart-beats became stronger, but not for an instant did the doctor relax his attention at her bedside. At length, after about eight hours, he said he could leave her for a short time, and he asked for a hot bath. He said he felt permeated with poison, and that a bath would help to get rid of it; so, without losing control, he bathed, and changed all Miss Rose's clothes (a very difficult task for him, as the various fastenings bothered him so!), and returned in twenty minutes' time, greatly refreshed. Mrs. Fair and I had been keeping watch in C.'s room. Steady improvement had been maintained, but the Professor sent word that there was still a great accumulation of bile to be got rid of, and that unless sickness could be induced he feared another collapse. All our efforts were now directed towards this end. Four or five different emetics were tried, but all to no purpose. The herbalist had sent only a quarter of the lobelia seed and herb which had been ordered. He said we could not possibly need more than an

ounce of each, as the dose would lie on a threepenny bit. Dr. Beale's dose, however, would not get into a teaspoon, so there were only four doses altogether. At intervals of half an hour he gave her one of these, followed in a quarter of an hour by a dose of composition powder, until all was gone. It failed to produce sickness, and had there been more, he would have continued to give it.

He insisted on taking charge that night again, which proved a very restless one for my sister. I visited her at three a.m., and found her very delighted to see me, but very wandering. She talked a lot of nonsense, but all in a most rational fashion. She was still looking very deathlike.

I returned to bed, but not to sleep, and at quarter to six Dr. Beale came to my room and said he felt he must now give up control of Miss Rose. He had held on for thirty-two hours on end!

He said he did not want to disturb Mrs. Fair unless it was necessary, so that, if I should not be nervous, he would like me to take charge of C. He had given her a tablespoon of brandy in water at three o'clock and again at 5.30, and he told me to give her another dessert spoonful if she seemed exhausted, and also to make her take nourishment. He said he should still be in the room, watching and giving power, and that if any complications arose I must call Mrs. Fair. C. began talking directly I went in. She was still full of strange notions, and was constantly asking about the lady who was ill upstairs, not realising it was herself.

The doctor told us that she was often out of her body, wandering about the house. The evening

before Miss Forest met her spirit on the stairs, and was so much overshadowed by it that she had a nasty fall. When we went to see if the noise of the fall had upset C., she said at once, "That was Miss Forest falling. I saw her."

After chatting for some time she fell asleep, and it was during this sleep that her spirit apparently controlled Miss Rose, who had gone to rest in Mrs. Fair's room (see page 149). When she awoke, sickness set in, and during that day she vomited some six times, much to the Professor's delight.

Dr. Steadall had arrived the day before just when the struggle between life and death was going on. I would have given a good deal to have let him see Dr. Beale at work during that time, but I knew that any interruption might be fatal; so I met him in the hall and told him my sister was just hanging between life and death, and asked him if he could do anything if he went to her. He said, "Nothing." Then I said, "I am going to ask you not to go to-day;" and he kindly left at once, and said he would call the next day.

After lunch I went in to see Miss Rose, and found the Professor had just come through to see Mrs. Fair. He said he was so glad I had come, that he wanted to tell us that all was going well. He had that morning impressed Mrs. Fair to give C. a tablespoon of vinegar in hot water, and now directed her to give two more. He also wished C. to have an injection of acid tincture of lobelia, one tablespoonful to one and a half pints of water, as he said that would help to clear the bowels. He said there was still a good deal of bile to come away, and

it was quite possible she might have another bad attack; but even if she had, we were not to be alarmed, as he felt quite sure she would pull through. He told us to be very careful to keep the room at an even temperature, and avoid all draught. He said he should be staying three days longer. He hoped that Dr. Beale would not have to return till ten o'clock that evening, as he had only just now gone away for refreshment. He had felt it necessary to work in spirit on my sister all the morning, even though he could no longer work through Miss Rose. He also gave orders for the latter to rest till seven p.m. She was already in bed.

That day we sent off several telegrams, telling of the slight improvement.

Dr. Steadall had been in the morning, but said he found very little difference in her, and he wished he could say she was better.

Miss Forest went out to get some acid tincture of lobelia from the chemist, but he refused to give it without a doctor's signature. She returned without it, but a message came from Dr. Beale to say he must have it; he told her to go to a woman in the next town, who had had some for her child a few days before. Dr. Beale thought she still had some left. How the woman had managed to obtain it I do not know.

Miss Forest went and found there was just enough left for an injection, and brought it back in triumph. My sister's temperature had risen again to 104, but the doctor said the Professor was quite satisfied. He did not give the lobelia till the morning, but then gave two injections, under the Pro-

fessor's directions, and the latter afterwards sent word that he believed all the poison was now gone.

The doctor departed about 7.30 a.m., leaving orders that C. was on no account to be allowed to sleep for more than an hour at a time. He said the effect of the lobelia would be to make her very drowsy, and if we allowed her to get into a deep sleep she might never wake again, but just pass away in sleep. We had hard work to carry out these orders, for C. was so fearfully sleepy, and I am sure we must all have seemed very brutal. We had to ply her with endless questions and insist on answers. Mrs. Fair had the brunt of it, and at the end of the day she said to me, "I am sure C. positively hates me. I have bullied her so!" To me C. merely remarked that she had found Mrs. Fair very tiring all day! We again had a special gathering for prayer.

My sister's temperature was still very high, 105, but the Professor sent word that there was no need for anxiety. He said that by midnight the danger of her passing away in heavy sleep would be over, but that it would still be advisable to rouse her every hour in order to give her nourishment. That night both he and Dr. Beale worked very hard, in order to reduce the temperature and keep up strength. She had some good sleep.

When Dr. Steadall called the next day, he thought her vitality wonderful. That night she slept well, and in the morning Dr. Beale told me he had been thanking and praising God all night for the marked improvement. This was Sunday, December 1st, just a week after the yeast treatment.

The temperature was coming down very gradually, and by lunch-time was only 101. When Dr. Steadall came about noon, he reported that he found her better than she had been for six days. There were no new complications, and the pulse was much stronger.

In the afternoon she gave us a fright. I heard a psychic call, and, running into C.'s room, found Mrs. Fair vainly trying to wake her up. Turning to me, she said, "I can't wake her; you try." I called her and touched her, but all to no purpose, and, after the warning we had received two days before, we could not help feeling anxious. Mrs. Fair had sent out a mental call for the doctor. He flashed back, "It's all right, but time she came back!" and in a few minutes the door opened, and Miss Rose, controlled by Dr. Beale, came in, saying, "Well, well, well, you must wake up at once;" and my sister immediately opened her eyes and said to him, "Why didn't you tell them that you had made me promise not to look at, or speak to, anyone till you came?" Of course, the doctor had done nothing of the sort, and we never quite got to the bottom of this strange behaviour, but the doctor said the same thing had happened in the night. Her spirit had gone very far away, and it took him some time to recall it. She still had very queer notions, and talked a lot of seeming nonsense. I fancy she was often nearer the other world than this, and more alive to its realities. Sometimes she said she had been to the grounds of the doctor's home, and would describe what she had seen there; and Miss Forest as well as the doctor recognised these descriptions.

IX

THE ENEMY ROUTED

THE principal task before us now was to build up my sister in every possible way. Miss Forest was bent on making her some calves' foot jelly, but did not quite know how to do it. She soon, however, became aware of help from the spirit world. She saw with her an old country woman, and heard her say, "May I show you?" Then she gave her minute directions for the making of it. These were very elaborate, and Miss Forest had to spend some four hours in carrying them out, but the result was a chef d'œuvre.

Dr. Beale wished C. to continue with champagne, but said it must not be given with food. The former was very difficult to obtain at that time, but a friend kindly sent us some she had in store, and this despite the warning of her son, a medical man, that it was enough to kill anyone with kidney trouble.

My sister also greatly enjoyed grapes sent her by another friend, and Dr. Beale said the more she could eat of them the better.

Her mind was still in a very wandering condition, and she told us many extraordinary stories, and insisted on our doing many extraordinary things. The doctor said we must not leave her alone at all, and must watch the temperature very carefully, and call him if it rose above 102 or dropped below 99. He thought the wandering condition was chiefly due

to weakness. When Dr. Steadall came he reported well of her condition, but was a little afraid of the presence of bacilli colon in the bladder.

On December 2nd, for the first time, Miss Rose, in her normal condition, was allowed to be in charge of the invalid. Now that the intense anxiety was over, Dr. Beale felt it would be better for her to be entranced less.

For the first time, too, since she came to stay on November 23rd, Mrs. Fair went out for some hours. Hitherto she had not left the house for more than half an hour at a time. The way in which she had devoted herself to C. was beyond all words, and, being so psychic, she was able to help in a very special way; but I am sure she also, for the same reason, felt the strain specially, but she never allowed us to know this, and her cheery presence and un-failing strength were the greatest support throughout the whole of this anxious time. I can never repay such a debt.

Miss Rose now took the night work, the doctor coming through if there was any particular need.

Early on December 4th the temperature became normal, and later dropped to 97.6. Dr. Steadall expressed himself as quite pleased with C., and even declared that she might now perhaps recover, though he said what she had been through would be enough to kill most strong people, and she was always delicate. She was, of course, very exhausted, but was able to take plenty of milk and other nourishment.

That evening the Professor sent word that he was returning to higher spheres at midnight, and

would like, before he left, to have a few words with Mrs. Fair and myself. He said : " The war is over, and my work in this case is finished. It has been a hard fight, and but for Dr. Beale, this ' spirit-and-material ' doctor, we could not have won it. He just dragged your sister back into the body several times when she had really gone. Now the danger is over. Don't be disappointed if recovery is slow, for she is very weak, but it is only a question of time and care. Then she may be stronger than she has been before." He said what a splendid patient C. had been in doing everything she was told.

The one thing he regretted was that Dr. Beale had not had enough of the lobelia powder to do as he wished, as this lack had prolonged matters. He said that it was a very drastic remedy, even more so than the yeast, and they would not have given either except in extremity. The lobelia acted as a fire in the body, cleansing and purifying. With regard to food, he told us to go on just as we were doing for another three days, *i.e.*, giving liquid nourishment every hour, and then to start with solid food, fish, pudding, etc., given every two hours. He specially recommended oranges.

He expressed appreciation of Mrs. Fair's nursing ability, and begged to be allowed to engage her services for his next case on earth ! He said the long hours of trance had been a strain upon Miss Rose's nerves, but that she only needed rest, and would soon be all right again. He thought it was rare for anyone to be able to keep control of a medium for so long a time, but said that special need brought special power.

He then enquired if my sister would like to see him, and asked us to escort him "through the wall" into her room. He told her he had just come to say good-bye, and said, "What a tussle you have had with this old temperature! But now the war is over, and you are on the high road to recovery." He commended her for the way she took the yeast and lobelia, but felt sure she never wanted to see either of them again! He said he had been with her for more than a week of our time, and now his messenger would bring him news of her every twelve hours, and, if necessary, he would return; but he added, "I do not think this will be necessary." He begged her to reserve all her strength, and to be content to be done for and waited upon, and advised massage later on.

The next morning the temperature again rose very high, but a message from the Professor that all was well reassured us. That night she was given an internal douche of acid tincture of lobelia and hot water, as a final cleansing, followed later by others of raspberry and violet leaves.

On December 6th both doctors expressed themselves as very pleased with their patient, and the Professor sent word that, though the temperature would probably rise again in two days' time, we were not to worry over it in the least.

The great anxiety was now over, and Mrs. Fair and Miss Rose went away for a few days to do some necessary packing. They were only a few miles away. Dr. Beale left orders that if the temperature reached 104, C. was to be sponged, but he did not wish Miss Forest to give her any more hot fomentations, as they were so weakening.

We knew that Miss Rose would soon have to leave us altogether, and we managed to secure a nurse to take the night duty. Dr. Beale visited her psychically, and said she was a very good nurse, and one who would not spare herself in any way; so it was arranged she should come on Saturday, December 7th. She considered my sister still dangerously ill, and I could see that she did not think she would recover, though she admitted it to be most wonderful that she was alive after all she had been through.

Dr. Steadall did not pay his usual visit that Sunday, which we took as a good sign. We asked Nurse whether she would like to have a talk with him, but were rather relieved when she said it was not necessary, as we were most anxious she should continue to carry out Dr. Beale's orders. She knew nothing of Dr. Beale's existence, but we just spoke of him as "the doctor," and she made no enquiries, knowing that Dr. Steadall was in attendance.

She was a little surprised that her patient had to be washed all over twice a day, but Dr. Beale made a great point of this. Also I do not think she had ever before given douches of raspberry and violet leaf infusion, but she took it all as a matter of course. Once or twice she was about to give food of which Dr. Beale disapproved, but we managed to put her off somehow, and as a rule she was well content to leave the question of nourishment to Miss Forest, who had been in charge of the case from the first.

The latter was, of course, still able to get messages from Dr. Beale, and we knew that, if

necessity arose, he would bring Miss Rose over and come through to see my sister. He sent word that he did not now wish more sponging to be done than was necessary, but told us to put cold compresses on the face and hands if the temperature was high. That evening (December 8th) it rose again to 105, and Miss Forest received a message that an enema must be given at once. This was followed by a fairly good night, and when Dr. Steadall came on December 9th he was quite satisfied that there were no new complications, and again said he hoped now she might recover.

Soon after he left Miss Rose appeared. She said Dr. Beale was not in the least worried about his patient, that she was doing very well, but Mrs. Fair had insisted on his visiting her in the body that day. He thought the fever was now mainly due to weakness, and we must be prepared for it still to hang about, but we need not be anxious. It would die away gradually.

December 9th was the first day for a fortnight that C. did not wander in her mind, but she complained of her head feeling very weak. The next two days the temperature was just below normal, and the pulse only 99 and 86. The sweats began to cease. Dr. Steadall spoke of her condition as most encouraging, and even the night nurse began to wonder if now her patient might possibly get well.

On December 12th we had another visit from our brother. He thought C. looking wonderfully better, but he was only allowed a short time with her, as the temperature was again inclined to rise. He had another talk with Dr. Steadall, who told him that

now the chances were in favour of my sister's recovery, but that he did not yet consider her altogether out of the wood, and he still feared the presence of colon bacilli in the urine and of infection in the blood.

Dr. Beale, on the other hand, felt that all fear of infection in the blood was now reduced to a minimum, though he said the kidneys were by no means right yet. The left one was still unhealed and the right one very inert. He had never seen any trace of colon bacilli in the water. He said it was most important for C. to keep very warm, and that later on some magnetic treatment and massage would be necessary in order to restore life and full working power to the kidneys, but they were not yet ready for this.

Miss Rose spent a few more days with us, and then, on December 21st, she went up to town.

The day before we were allowed to have our little gathering for prayer in C.'s room. Mrs. Fair was able to be with us. She had been staying in rooms near by, in case she could be of further service. It was a time of much thanksgiving. Several from the spirit world came through to lead in prayer and praise.

Dr. Beale said that I need have no anxiety now about C. He would still be with her a great deal in spirit, and he arranged to give Miss Forest directions psychically at a quarter to nine each morning. He told me how glad he was to have been able to be with me through this time of anxiety, and would hear no word of thanks. He begged me to take all the rest I could, and to let Miss Forest

give me some massage, as I was run down and needed a tonic. She had kindly promised to stay with us until C. was strong enough to travel, and we had our nice night nurse for another week. Before she left we moved my sister into a larger room to make a change, and nurse then slept in her room, for she needed now but little attention at night. After nurse left I took her place, and we got the help of a V.A.D. worker for a few hours each day. Dr. Beale wished his patient still to be washed all over twice a day, and by this time she was able to do without the brandy and soda which usually accompanied this exhausting process. He had chaffed her very much over her enjoyment of this, for in ordinary life C. is a staunch teetotaler!

The temperature chart kept during these seven weeks is a most interesting document, and many have expressed astonishment that she could live through such long-sustained high fever. By the end of December she began to sit up, and then very gradually to stand and to walk. Dr. Frankfort, one of Dr. Beale's helpers, superintended these proceedings, giving orders as to the method of procedure and the length of each effort. We learnt that Dr. Beale had gone away for a while.

In a week's time C. was able, with help, to walk round her room. Miss Forest now gave her a little massage each day, and by January 20th she was able to get downstairs. A few days later she unfortunately slipped on a loose mat and sprained her ankle. Dr. Frankfort ordered three days of bed, and treated it with witch-hazel, but it was a bad sprain, and delayed our getting away for three weeks.

Miss Forest also gave me massage each day, and during the time she was giving it she declared that she felt as though she were being covered with cobwebs. This was quite a new experience to her, but she said it seemed to give her added power. We learnt later that this feeling was due to a new psychic battery that was being used.

It was invented by Father Lucerne,* and he had presented it to Dr. Beale to help his work. Unlike the other batteries, for which power was collected in the spheres, the power for this one was gathered from the earth, but it could be stored at the doctor's home, and used in various directions on the material plane. Some places on earth seem to possess a surplus of psychic energy, and this was in some way gathered and utilised. This battery was henceforth in constant use, and greatly facilitated Dr. Beale's work.

Dr. Steadall was more than satisfied with my sister's progress, though he said the water was not yet quite free from albumen. He found her very anæmic, and wished her to take some iron. Dr. Beale, however, did not approve of this; he said she was not yet ready for it, and that, if she took it, it must only be in minute doses. He still dieted her carefully, with the special object of getting rid of the anæmia. Many weeks later he himself gave her iron, but in another form. We were planning to go into Cornwall, where Miss Rose was already, as we wished C. to have some magnetic treatment from Dr. Beale, and we arrived there on February 19th, after spending a night with friends in town.

* The venerable spirit mentioned in "One Thing I Know."

My sister had, I think, only been out of doors twice before our journey, but she managed everything very comfortably.

We were so sorry to say good-bye to Miss Forest when we reached town. Her help had been invaluable. Not only had she taken a large share of the nursing, but when a change of servant necessitated our engaging a very young untrained girl, Miss Forest undertook a great part of the cooking herself, and tried to spare me in every possible way. But for her I should have refused this girl altogether, as being too young and inexperienced, but Miss Forest said she had a very beautiful aura, and she believed that I should find her most steady and reliable, and she certainly proved herself to be so.

The day after our arrival in the West, Dr. Beale examined my sister. He said neither of the kidneys was working properly, one scarcely at all, and the one which had suppurated was not yet healed. He arranged to give her magnetic massage daily for the next few weeks. He also found her ankles very weak, and said she must for the present only walk on the level.

Next day he treated both kidneys and ankles.

By March 7th he said the kidneys were beginning to work much better, and by then C. was able to climb hills and to walk several miles. The doctor treated her at intervals till the middle of May, and then sent her away for a change, and she gradually regained her full strength. After this he occasionally examined the kidneys to make sure that they were working properly, but has never had to give her any more treatment. If anything, she is stronger than she was before her illness.

X

TESTS AND THEIR DIFFICULTIES

ONE of the questions I am most often asked is whether I have had any definite proof of the identity of those on the other side who professed to hold communication with us.

Naturally, it was one of the chief things we desired ; but we found it very difficult to make our friends in spirit see the necessity for such proof. I suppose they were largely oblivious to the instrumentality of Miss Rose ; certainly they realised very little how strongly all communications were tinged with her personality. They just came and presented themselves, and seemed to wonder how we could for a moment doubt that they were the persons they claimed to be. Often the intense emotional feeling they showed, and also stirred within us, carried strong conviction to our hearts, but this could not be reckoned as proof in any sense of the word.

One day Miss Rose was controlled by what seemed to be a strong masculine personality, who gave the name of an uncle who had passed away some twelve years before. He sent a message to our brother, which we duly delivered, but the latter very naturally expressed himself as sceptical about the identity of the sender. When upon earth this uncle had been a man of wide sympathy and great understanding of doubts and difficulties, and we felt

that he would be one who would enter into such scepticism and try to meet it with some proof. Accordingly we sent him a message through Miss Rose, telling him of our brother's doubts, and begging him to endeavour to remove them. He promised to do his best, and when, a few days later, he again controlled Miss Rose, he asked us to get a Bible and to read him the first nine verses of Genesis iv. From this passage he chose one verse and told us to send it to our brother from him, saying that it ought to recall to his mind a talk which they had together when they were touring in Ireland, and convince him that the sender of the text was indeed the uncle he knew so well upon earth.

We waited my brother's answer with great interest, but were filled with disappointment when he wrote back that the text recalled nothing whatever to his mind. Our uncle seemed even more disappointed, but whether it was his or my brother's memory which was at fault we were unable to find out, nor indeed could we get any further explanation of the matter. We learnt, however, afterwards that our uncle was still bent upon giving a proof of some sort to the family.

Several months after this, Miss Rose was again with us, and one evening she was controlled by a little spirit child, who used to love to come and see us whenever she had the chance. She said she brought a message from this uncle to "his lady" (his widow was still living), that she had an old purse of his. We asked the child to describe the purse. She said it was long in shape and brown

in colour, and then began to hesitate as to something it had on it. She failed to find the word, and I, remembering old-fashioned purses (and stupidly forgetting how important it is never to suggest anything), suggested an elastic. The child took the word up at once, and said, "Yes, yes, 'lastic; that's it." We knew nothing of any purse belonging to my uncle, but, recalling our request for a proof, we felt there was some purpose in the message, and sent it at once to his widow. Imagine our further disappointment when she wrote back, "Your uncle never in his life had a purse with an elastic."

I remembered, however, that it was I who had suggested the word elastic, and got hold of the child again to question her as to the meaning of the word. I asked her what "elastic" meant, and she at once said, "'lastic shines like that," and pointed to a silver star. This showed me where the fault lay, and I wrote again to my aunt, explaining the mistake, and asking whether she had a purse belonging to our uncle with anything on it which could be described by the child—as "shining." She replied that she believed she had a purse with a metal clasp, and that she would pay a visit to the warehouse containing her goods, as soon as possible, in order to verify the matter.

Again several months passed by. I was in Derbyshire with Miss Forest, when my aunt came to spend a few weeks with us. Scarcely had she arrived when Miss Forest said, "I see your uncle and he seems very anxious about something. Now he is asking me to take a pencil and draw something for him." This she did, and the drawing proved

to be that of a purse with a metal clasp. He asked her to take it to my aunt, who, upon seeing it, said, "That is exactly like the purse I have, which belonged to your uncle; I hunted it up the other day."

It seems incredible that it should take so long to get proof of such a simple thing—at all times the obtaining of proofs and tests seemed to be fraught with difficulty, partly, perhaps, because neither Miss Rose nor Dr. Beale were keen about them. I believe some mediums and some spirits make a point of giving them, and no doubt this greatly facilitates matters, but even then those on the other side do not seem able to give exactly what is demanded of them, and the best results are doubtless procured by asking for a test, and leaving it to them to give it in their own way.

Many a time Dr. Beale missed splendid opportunities of proving his presence, or of giving a piece of news before it could reach us by other means. Unless it happened to be something which occurred naturally in the course of his medical work, it never seemed to enter his head to tell us, but if a patient's welfare demanded his presence he was able to make it known fast enough.

On one occasion he had helped to lift a patient out of bed into a chair, and had left him to sit up for an hour and a half, arranging with Miss Rose that she should go to another case meanwhile. However, long before she reached the other case, she received a message from the doctor that the patient in question would not be able to sit up much more than an hour, and that she would only have time to do a little shopping before returning to him.

After an hour the patient began to feel very tired, and was just wondering how he could possibly manage another half hour, when a knock at the door announced the return of Miss Rose, and the next moment Dr. Beale was lifting him back to bed.

Again, Dr. Beale was treating by correspondence a patient who lived many miles away. He had prescribed a dose of a certain herb, and she had promised to take it. A few days later he begged me to write and ask her if she was really taking the quantity he had ordered, as he did not think so. Upon writing to enquire, I learnt that Dr. Beale was quite right. The patient had only a small quantity of the powder prescribed, and was taking smaller doses in order to make it last till a further supply came.

Woe be to the patient who took a dose of some forbidden palliative or other medicine! Dr. Beale could not be deceived, and nothing, I think, annoyed him more than for a patient to attempt any deception in this way. He said plainly, "I do not trust you, and if you wish me to go on treating you, you must hand the bottle over to me." More than once Miss Rose discovered a strange bottle in her medicine cupboard, and, on asking for an explanation, learnt that it had been taken from some patient by the doctor, and was not on any account to be returned to the owner until he gave leave.

He told me one day he had lately had a present given to him in spirit, which enabled him to see what was going on on earth much more clearly than he could otherwise do. This was a little mirror, which he could carry about with him, and at any

moment focus on to a particular scene or patient. One day, when my sister was convalescent, he told her to go and spend a morning on the beach resting. Afterwards he laughed very much over her idea of resting. He said he believed her whole time was spent in shell-hunting; at any rate, whenever he took a look at her, she was hard at it, the only pretence at resting being that she lay at full length on her face. He said she was enjoying it so thoroughly that he had not the heart to send Miss Rose along to stop her, but I couldn't resist twitting her about it afterwards, and she admitted its truth. I asked the doctor how he knew all this, and he said, "Oh, I flashed my little mirror on to her several times!"

He could not, of course, be always watching any *one* patient, but if he had reason to suspect one of disobeying him, he would put somebody on to watch and report, but this somebody, being a spirit, could not as a rule be seen by the patient. Dr. Beale, however, warned his patients that he would be sure to know what happened. He took no mean advantage of them, but if he once found them trying to lie to him, he gave them such a piece of his mind that they were generally reduced to tears, and did not attempt it again.

Some years ago I was talking to Father Lucerne about some relations of mine. He said, in speaking of them, "Let me see, there are two girls and two boys, are there not?" I replied, "No, two girls, but only one boy." "Well, then," he added, "there is another boy to come." As the youngest child was already six years old, this prophecy did

not seem very likely to be realised; but I made a note of it at the time, and also told the parents in question. They received it with a considerable amount of amused incredulity.

Four years later they wrote to tell me that a new arrival was expected in the family, and Father Lucerne's prediction of a second son proved to be true. On this occasion I begged Dr. Beale to acquaint us with the fact of the birth of the child before the news reached us by telegram or letter. He promised to do his best. As it happened, Miss Rose was some miles away from us when the event took place, *i.e.*, about 11 p.m. Dr. Beale was busy over some other work, and did not arrive on the scene till all was over; but Dr. Prentice, another spirit doctor, who had been present, told him that the exact moment of birth was 10h. 54m. 15½s. Whereupon Dr. Beale took control of Miss Rose, in her sleep, hunted about in her bedroom for a piece of paper and a pencil, and found an envelope and on the inside wrote down the hour of the birth. Then he sealed it up and put it away in a little despatch case belonging to Miss Rose. She knew nothing whatever about the occurrence, or about the birth of the child, and remarked to a friend, "How funny that we have had no news of that expected baby!"

We, meanwhile, were feeling very disappointed. We had received a telegram announcing the baby's arrival, and we had also had a note from Miss Rose, with no mention of it. However, two days later, on her return to the place in which we were living, Dr. Beale told her he wished to see my sister. On

reaching our house, Dr. Beale took control and went to see her. He tried to lead her on to speak of her disappointment, but she studiously avoided the subject, and he only knew her feelings by the psychic clouds issuing from her head.

Having tantalised her as much as possible, he at last produced an envelope, and told her to open it carefully, as there was writing inside. There she read, in the doctor's writing, which is by the way quite different to Miss Rose's and exceedingly difficult to read, the exact hour and date of the baby's birth. Miss Rose told us afterwards that she had seen this envelope in her case, and wondered what on earth it could be.

I do not pretend that this was in any way a perfect test. Those who wish to cavil at it, will have plenty of scope for showing possibilities of fraud and deceit. I was myself disappointed that Miss Rose was not in our house at the time, so that the doctor could have come through at once and have acquainted us with the fact; but under the circumstances I think he managed fairly well, and knowing, as I do, the utter impossibility of any imposture on his part, or on that of Miss Rose, I felt that he had indeed got word of what had taken place long before any news had reached us. The time proved also to be exactly correct, whereas our telegram had only said 11 p.m.

This sort of test interests me intensely, and there is one which I hope very much to see satisfactorily accomplished before long. I wish to get a description of Dr. Beale's home in Borderland from several independent sources—that is, I want two or three

spirits to visit the home, and then to control different mediums and to give through them definite details of the same. Of course, vague descriptions, which could apply to any home, are of no use, but if certain particulars, peculiar to this home, together with a description of the buildings and work carried on in them, and perhaps even the names of some of the workers, could be given, and these tallied with the details already described by Dr. Beale, it would, I think, go some way towards convincing sceptics that such a home exists. If any who read these pages can help to carry out this test, I shall be very glad to hear from them.

Dr. Beale has expressed his readiness to show the home, and to point out the special details required, to any who visit it with this purpose in view. Perhaps particulars could also be obtained by some who have clairvoyant vision or the power of automatic writing.

XI

"BY THEIR FRUITS"

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

THERE seems to be still a lingering idea amongst some people that all spirits who hold communication with earth must of necessity be evil. The foundation for this idea is somewhat difficult to understand.

In no other department of His universe does God make laws which can only be used by the wicked. A law is universal. It can be used or abused by good and evil alike, but the law itself is not to blame. If there are psychic laws which permit intercourse between this world and the next, they must surely be able to be used by all who choose to study them. It would indeed be strange if a God who loves righteousness allowed such a power to be entirely monopolised by the unrighteous. Such a belief seems incredible, but many bring it forward to-day, and, in support of it, declare that no spirit ever mentions Christ, or sin, or gives any spiritual teaching whatever. May I be allowed to point out how false such a statement is, and how often it has been contradicted by my own experience?

Again and again would some spirit visitor speak of the Bible as "the good old book," and of its wonderful influence, urging us to study it more, and never to be satisfied till we got behind the letter to its spiritual meaning.

Many times did we receive teaching about the necessity of more earnest heartfelt prayer in all we did. It was always spoken of as the strongest link between ourselves and God, and our invisible helpers seemed anxious to show us how to pray. They said much that went by the name of prayer never reached God at all. Dr. Beale constantly reminded us that prayer was the secret of power in his work. He told us that in his home in Borderland the hours of noon and midnight were always observed as times of special prayer. He and his workers often prayed not only for, but with their patients, and every week a number of us gathered together for united intercession on their behalf. He said he and his spirit band found this quiet hour a time of strength and refreshment. He urged all his patients to come, and arrangements were made to enable the crippled to do so. Others who were too ill to be present in body were asked to come in spirit, and Miss Rose and other clairvoyants would see them taking their places amongst us. After half an hour of silent prayer, someone from the other world would control Miss Rose and pray aloud. Then another would give an address on some religious subject, and perhaps also tell us what had been going on in spirit at our little gathering, all unseen by most of us. We were told that many souls in Borderland were helped by our prayers and sympathy. Some who were haunting the earth were taken away and enabled to progress; others, dwelling in darkness, were shown the light, and some, who had only lately passed over and were bewildered or suffering mentally, were soothed and comforted. For those able

to see both worlds it must have been an inspiring sight, especially as in spirit the assembly was sometimes extended and united with other gatherings being held for the same purpose. Even we, who could only see the earthly side of it, came away feeling we had touched a larger world than this one.

Our gathering is still held each Friday between six and seven o'clock p.m., and if any of those who read these pages like to join it in thought, I feel sure that, although they may not be conscious of it, they will be warmly welcomed, and will find it a time of refreshment for themselves. They can also feel that they are helping forward this work of healing and comfort, not only in this world but in the next.

At one time Dr. Beale felt that one of his patients, a bedridden cripple, did not in the least understand the prayer side of his work; when spoken to about it, she seemed to make no response, and he feared that her healing would be hindered unless she could in some way be awakened to this need. He was thinking deeply about the matter one day as he went for a walk in the spirit world, when he was joined by one who when upon earth had been a missionary. The latter divined his trouble, and, calling to him one of his Chinese converts (also in spirit), left him with the doctor, saying, “ I feel sure this brother will be able to help you; he is a man of prayer.” They talked together for a long while, and the old Chinaman promised to do all he could to help.

Neither Miss Rose nor we knew anything of this at the time (Dr. Beale told me the story later), but

one evening, when Miss Rose was with us, she was controlled by a stranger, making a foreign salutation and speaking broken English. He told us that he had come for "the upliftment of the lady," to bring her into closer touch with the Divine power. He said he had come from a long way off, and that the doctor and he had spent many hours praying together in the lady's room. He continued: "As it is with the spirit, so will it be with the body, but the rubbing must be done with the ointment of the Lord: I have learnt that nothing can be done without the power of the Lord."

I can give no idea of the feeling of devoutness that this dear old Chinaman brought with him. He gave his name as Chow-Ma, and visited us several times afterwards, and more than once asked us to bow our heads, with him, in prayer on behalf of the "sick lady." He stayed many weeks, helping Dr. Beale with this and other cases, and was always seen by Miss Rose at our little weekly gatherings. One day he sent us a message, "Seeny lady pray," by which we gathered that the patient had begun to pray for herself. He seemed filled with joy about it.

When we moved into a new house, an old spirit, who said he had been a bishop when on earth, and referred to his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral (which we afterwards found), came through Miss Rose and held a little consecration service for us, and his prayers were most beautiful. One sentence I especially remember: "May your home be filled with wisdom, light and understanding, and be the means of helping all who enter it." Many who

have been in this house told us that they felt a wonderful atmosphere of peace and gladness about it.

Father Lucerne, in bidding us good-bye on one occasion, or I suppose I ought rather to say on our bidding him good-bye, for he could be with us at any time, gave us as his farewell message : “ Continue in the Spirit of Christ. Remember nothing is of any avail unless God is in it.” Another said : “ Don’t be satisfied with a far-off God, as so many are. Have God within yourselves.” Another : “ Love God first and foremost.” And an old Italian woman, who came to see us many times, and always loved to bring happiness and to try to cheer any who were sad, said : “ To see God in everything makes joy and happiness even in the midst of pain.” Yet another said : “ You have one rock which can never fail, and that is Christ.”

Such messages cannot, I think, be said to be utterly devoid of spirituality, and they are only one or two out of many. It seemed to be a special delight to our spirit friends when they could speak upon the deeper side of life, and often their language and symbolism was so beautiful that I longed to be able to take it down word for word. Especially was this the case when some of our higher guides and helpers came. Two who had been Quakers when upon earth were amongst these, and their poetic description of spiritual joys was exquisite, and always left us feeling we had indeed been lifted up into heavenly places.

I should like now to turn for a moment to the much-vexed question of our Lord’s divinity. How often are we told that no spirit believes Christ to be

more than man! I believe it is true that, in the teaching of the spiritualist churches, there is little, if any, mention of Him as the Son of God; but I am not well acquainted with this teaching, so I ask forgiveness if I am making a misstatement. But, if this is the case, I think it must be largely due to the atmosphere of the churches. The creed of those who form a church probably determines, to a great extent, the type of spirit that visits that church.

We must remember that creeds die hard, and that many on the other side keep for a long time the religious beliefs (even if erroneous) which they had when they passed over, and especially if they held these beliefs in a very dogmatic fashion. The fulness of truth does not come to these souls at the moment of death. Hence a staunch Unitarian on earth will probably attract a spirit who held once, and may still hold, these views, and perhaps such can help him in a very special way. He will receive further truth along his own lines. Again, a Buddhist will attract one who passed over in his faith. I have myself heard a control pray to Buddha, and in listening to his earnest prayer I realised that he, too, through his Buddha, was reaching out to the Universal Father, and would in due time be led on to fuller knowledge of Him; but to many it would be a shock to find that a spirit, who had passed over many years ago, could still reverence and worship Buddha.

It is so difficult to make ourselves understand that, if the incident of death does not change a man's mentality, there must be on the other side those of all faiths and creeds. There must, indeed,

be many who know less of the truth than some of us down here, despite their being in the next world. I suppose that ultimately all distinction of creeds will be lost in Universal and Absolute truth, but whilst truth is relative, as with us, how can different standpoints be avoided?

So here, again, we find that we must test **all** teaching given from the Beyond. We must submit it to our reason and conscience, we must compare it with other teaching on the subject, and even then must not necessarily accept it as final truth. I think it is Miss Dougall who has pointed out that, could we accept wholesale the teaching given through Spiritualism, it would be like going back to the childish mental position of the days when we accepted verbal inspiration of the Bible, and beheld the volume as if it had been sent to us from heaven, ready bound in a leather cover with gilt edges. I do not agree with the conclusion Miss Dougall draws from her argument with regard to Spiritualism, but the argument itself is a most forcible one.

Spiritism is not going to do away with the necessity for thought. The mysterious self, which is so much to the fore in psychic development, may be a higher, not a lower, self, and may be subject to superior mental powers than those we use in ordinary life. It has been suggested that it is a super-conscious self which we use in psychic work, and not the subconscious self that rules the physical functions of the body. But so little is known of any of these selves, even of our ordinary every-day self, that one can only venture to make vague surmises about them.

But to return once more to Christ. If those on this side seek teaching about Christ from those on the other side, they will get it. I do not say they will get exactly the teaching they want or expect. They will not, I think, be told that when they die they will go straight into the arms of our Lord and stay there for ever.

All those spirits whom we have questioned on this subject say that such a thing could not possibly be. No soul, on passing away from earth, would be ready to go at once to the sphere where Christ now is, or to come in direct contact with the radiant glory of the Lord Himself. We have asked several, whom we should have called saints when they were upon earth, whether they have yet seen Christ. Most have told us, "No—not yet; I am not ready," but have added that they were living in a fuller consciousness of His presence than when upon earth.

One, who had spent his earth life preaching Christ, said, "Yes, I have seen Him as far as it is possible for me to see Him."

Many, however, seem to be given a special vision of Him. Here, I suppose, the radiance is lessened, and He makes Himself visible in a form which shall not blind or dazzle the beholder. He is able to manifest in and communicate with every sphere, even the earth plane, and those to whom He appears in this way are satisfied that they have indeed seen and heard their Lord.

Our grandfather always said that he felt sure the first face he would see on the other side would be that of his Saviour. Many years after he had passed away he came to see us through Miss Rose, and told

us that his desire had been granted, and that his eyes, which had been sightless for some years before he died, first gazed upon his Lord when he awoke in spirit. He added, though, that he now knew that he had seen Him only in a vision.

One day, not long after Miss Rose first came to us, she described a stranger in the room, who was holding up a map of Switzerland and pointing to a place on it. She said he evidently wished to make himself known to us. Her description was a clear one, and we recognised our visitor as a man who had been chaplain at a beautiful Swiss resort where we had stayed some fifteen years before. When we first arrived, there was a very unsatisfactory chaplain, who seemed to care for nothing but sport, and many welcomed the coming of this Mr. N. He changed the whole tone of the hotel, and the services he held Sunday by Sunday were greatly appreciated.

One evening, while kindly taking the place of someone who had failed in a gymkhana, he slipped on the highly-polished floor, and, though he made but little of the occurrence at the time, this fall set up mischief which ended fatally. Later he controlled Miss Rose and reminded us of this incident.

We knew what a devoted servant of Christ he had been when on earth, and we asked him whether he still believed in the divinity of our Lord in the same way as he used to do. He replied, “ Yes, Christ is just the same to me—only more.” He also pointed out how much light was thrown on the Bible by psychic knowledge, and said he sometimes longed to return to earth in order to preach from his new standpoint. He added that he feared the

Church would lose her hold on the people unless she gave them the realities of the Spirit.

On the subject of sin and forgiveness we have also had much teaching. Sin has never been belittled by those who have spoken of it. Sometimes they have explained how large a part ignorance plays in wrong-doing, and how apt we are to condemn without knowing the underlying motive; but the far-reaching consequences of sin, and of neglect of spiritual things, have been strongly emphasised, and it has been shown that, though God freely forgives the sinner, He cannot obliterate these consequences, and that each has to work out his own salvation and undo the wrong which he has done. For instance, if a soul passes over, having injured someone on earth, or having deliberately lived a lie, he will have to do his utmost to set that wrong right before he can progress on the Other Side. It is often a reason of this sort that gives those who have lately passed over an intense desire to speak with someone on earth.

I have heard some controlling spirits pray in the name of "Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord," and others use the old familiar phrases, asking to be cleansed and saved by the blood of Christ. But I think those from higher spheres have more often dwelt upon the Incarnation and Life of Christ than upon His Death, and also upon the fact that He is a living Christ to-day. Perhaps, now that they themselves are on the other side of death, this makes a stronger appeal to them, or perhaps, throughout the ages, too much stress has been put upon Christ's

death, and too little upon the fact of His resurrection and His power as a living Saviour to-day.

The Church may need to reconsider her presentation of our Lord.

Great emphasis has also been laid upon love as the secret of progression—love to God shown in love to our brother—and the importance of personal character as the only true test of any life was constantly dwelt upon. Surely such teaching is in accord with what Christ taught when He was upon earth, possibly more so than some of the theology contained in our ecclesiastical formulas.

I think I have said enough to show that, no matter what the spiritualist churches say, Spiritualism is not in itself a religion, and gives no monopoly to any one faith or creed. Through it we can get teaching on the lines most helpful to us, each according to his spiritual evolution, and can feel that we are being led on towards Eternal Truth, which must of necessity transcend all forms of expression.

XII

THE RED FLAG

"Add . . . to knowledge self-control."

I BEGAN this book with the saying of St. Peter, "Add to your faith . . . knowledge," and I should like to close it with the continuation of the same injunction, "and to knowledge self-control" (R.V.).

This short sentence seems to give just the advice we need in dealing with this great subject of Spiritualism.

I do not deny that there is possibility of danger connected with it, but I think this nearly always arises from a want of self-control, and therefore to carry out St. Peter's injunction will be our best safeguard.

Is there anything worth knowing or doing which is not accompanied by some risk? Think of the pioneers in the scientific world who have sacrificed both health and life in the pursuit of some new discovery. Did they dream of abandoning their efforts because of the dangers and difficulties connected with it? Did they not rather experiment the more in order to overcome these difficulties? And with regard to those who reap the benefit of their leadership, these do not wait until all possibility of danger is eliminated, but they carefully observe the laws and the safeguards laid down by the pioneers. So it should be with all wishing to investigate psychic

matters. They should get advice from those who have some real knowledge of them. I do not agree with those who recommend everyone to try to communicate with the next world. Some seem unsuitable; others who might be suitable have no serious purpose in so doing, and had far better wait until they have some good reason for making the attempt. But those who feel definitely called upon to develop some latent psychic gift should, at the outset, get the help of a reliable clairvoyant who understands the difficulties of development and can see the communicating spirit. If this were made a general rule, I think we should hear very little about the dangers of Spiritualism.

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and no doubt many are able by prayer and holiness to guard themselves from all undesirable influences. On earth, evil, coarse men and women do not find delight in the company of the pure and refined, and so it is, we are told, when they pass over to the Other Side. There the law of attraction still holds good—in fact, it seems to gain greatly in power—and unless these so-called evil spirits come to seek for help, they are not likely to be found in the company of the good.

We ourselves came in contact with many who might be considered very undesirable spirits. One man came through cursing all of us because we were trying to stop the work he was doing.

Another was surly to a degree, and treated us all as spies, and refused to answer anything we said to him.

Mrs. Fair was constantly being threatened with

all sorts of vengeance by spirits who thought she was trying to interfere with them. One man even controlled Miss Rose, seized the poker and tried to attack Mrs. Fair. But all these spirits came, or were brought, with a purpose. They needed help, and it was her especial delight to try to aid dark, ignorant spirits, who were haunting the earth and perhaps causing annoyance in some house. Miss Rose was always ready to help in this rescue work by allowing these poor spirits to control her if necessary. Then Mrs. Fair would reason with them, and try to persuade them to give up their present mode of life for something better. We had several who spoke of themselves as murderers and other jail-birds. Some of them were smitten with bitter remorse for their wrong-doings, and it seemed to help them to unburden themselves in this way.

We were told that a large band of advanced spirits were carrying on this work, led by the old bishop before mentioned, and they besought us to give our prayers and sympathy, and so to help the progression of these unenlightened ones. But none of these latter ever came unless Mrs. Fair, or someone else interested in this work of rescue, was there to help them, and if, as sometimes happened, they left unpleasant conditions with Miss Rose or with Mrs. Fair herself, these were taken away by helpers on the other side.

Some day I hope to be able to write an account of this very interesting work. I am sure that Mrs. Fair never enters any old building without a few moments of silent prayer for any spirits who may perhaps be attached to the place and needing help.

If all who fear the dangers of Spiritualism would join in such prayer for these poor earthbound souls, it would be the best way of dispelling their fears.

Foolish, frivolous spirits do seem to find some satisfaction in interrupting conversations and playing pranks, but we need not surely be afraid of these, any more than if we meet such characters in daily life down here. We ought to know how to deal with them.

Those on the other side say that it is usually best to appoint a fixed time for communication, for then our guides and helpers can be present, ready to assist us in every possible way, and the interloper is not likely to present himself. Again, we hear a good deal nowadays about the injury to our own mental and physical powers caused by the practice of Spiritualism. The statistics about hundreds in our asylums, owing to this practice, are quoted again and again, notwithstanding the fact that these figures have been carefully investigated and pronounced utterly false. Sir W. Barrett, speaking at the Church Congress in 1920, pointed out that religion is answerable for many more lunatics than Spiritualism.

If there is danger of injury to physical health, it is owing to our own stupidity in not observing the laws and safeguards necessary for psychical research. The foolishness of man in this respect is sometimes astounding. A friend, discovering one day that she could write automatically, went about with pencil and paper, and allowed her hand at any hour of the day to write what her normal self ought at once to have discovered was rubbish, but because this writing

came in an unusual way she looked upon it as wonderful. Finally a clairvoyant told her that a most undesirable spirit had attached himself to her, and that she was in danger of becoming obsessed by him; and in the end she was persuaded of the truth of this statement, and begged that he might be taken away from her. This was done, and she was advised to have nothing to do with psychic things for six months at least, and then only under proper supervision. Had she continued as she began, she would undoubtedly have found herself before long in an asylum. But whom could she blame except herself? She had been told only to try to write at stated times once or twice a week, for half an hour at a time, and had been advised to have a clairvoyant present at first. She ignored all precautions, and preferred to develop her gift in her own way, forgetting even to exercise her common sense, which by itself should have told her that, whoever it was using her hand, was certainly someone very silly and undesirable.

But it is not only in the development of psychic gifts that we need to exercise this moderation and temperance. I do not wonder that it is sometimes said that those who hold with Spiritualism become so absorbed in it that they can think of little else, and I would beseech any who are interesting themselves in it to make sure that no such remark can ever be true of them, as nothing tends more to bring the whole subject into disrepute.

The contemplation of the next life cannot be meant to occupy more than a fit proportion of our life here, and we need to realise this and to observe

this proportion, making strict rules for ourselves with regard to it. As a firm foundation, as an undercurrent of certainty, it will prove a blessing and a power in all we do, and will lend a fuller meaning and purpose to many of the seemingly trivial things of life; but, put in the wrong place and allowed to absorb too much attention, it will only unfit us for our daily duties, and make us a laughing stock to our relations and friends. Here, again, all depends upon ourselves.

In the first agony and bewilderment of a great sorrow, one can understand the loss of the sense of proportion, and excuse the spending of undue time in the search for some certain sign that life continues beyond the grave; but once this is obtained, the perpetual running after mediums is to be sincerely deprecated. Those on the other side seldom wish to continue constant communication in this way, except for some definite work, and it is selfish to expect them to do so.

One sometimes hears it said that by allowing spirits to hold communication with earth we keep them back from progression in their own sphere; but I think this is seldom, if ever, the case. Far more often are we told that a certain spirit is so longing to speak to some dear one on earth that he or she cannot progress until this desire has been gratified. Of course, if we do nothing but bewail our loss and call our loved ones perpetually to our side, we may sadden them, and perhaps distract them from their higher duties; but in this case they would probably not be allowed to visit us. I know of one daughter who was not permitted to be with

her mother for many months after she passed over, because of the mother's overwhelming grief. That in itself might have prevented any near approach on the daughter's part.

We have been assured that no "calling up" of a spirit, as it is falsely termed, on the part of any medium, will bring that spirit unless it is permitted him to come. Often, too, those in the other world sleep when they first pass over, or are too dazed to be able to communicate with those left behind. If we are longing to get into touch with some special soul in the Beyond, it seems best just to bring the whole matter to God in prayer, and then to leave it in higher hands, only taking care that we on our part do not close any possible doorway between the two worlds.

The chief desire of progressive spirits in the Beyond seems to be to gain sufficient enlightenment and spiritual power themselves to be able to combat all forms of evil, and to use their knowledge and power in the service of mankind. They realise that ignorance of psychic truths and lack of intelligent understanding of the spirit world not only increases the sin, selfishness and sorrow of this life, but causes souls to pass over into the next life in a state of bewilderment and undevelopment, which mars their world by its darkness. They delight to give their best in love and sympathy, because they know the greatness of their work and its far-reaching effect upon the life to come, as well as upon this life upon earth.

Remembering this, I feel that the least I can do, in gratitude for all that has been so freely given to

me, is to make my story of strange happenings known to others. Before closing it, I again repeat that I am but a recorder. I make no claim to be able to explain all that I have recorded. Various explanations will no doubt be given by various schools of thought. For myself, the simple hypothesis of survival given by Dr. Beale and other controls seems to be by far the most natural and probable, especially if other testimony on the same subject be taken into account, and to me these spirit friends are just as real as my friends upon earth. I have, however, tried to avoid any definition of where the personality of the medium ends and the influence of spirit control begins. General considerations on Spiritualism have been introduced because of their intimate connection with the whole story. Obviously the value of Spiritualism must be determined by its fruits. Psychic faculties may be misused if spiritual qualities are lacking, or are replaced by selfishness or greed in any form. These pages are a testimony to the results obtained by a singularly unselfish character conjoined with unusual psychic powers. The results remain, no matter what explanation is given of these powers, and surely "Behind the dim unknown standeth God."

APPENDIX

UNEXPECTED VISITORS

As this chapter is not directly connected with the main narrative, I have relegated it to an appendix, but I think it will be of interest to those who are making a study of mediumship and control.

The possibility of spirit return is apparently unknown to some of those on the other side, as we learned by the following experience.

A few of us were gathered together one afternoon in order to meet an old spirit, who had expressed a particular wish to be allowed to come and speak to us. He had gone away, and a little spirit child had followed. She had just bidden us good-bye, but, on looking at Miss Rose, we saw that someone else was evidently trying to come through. Then a very gentle voice said, ““ I hope I am not intruding, but I saw a little doorway, and I watched a man going through it. Then, after a time, he returned, and I saw a little girl disappear through it. I did not know in the least where it led. I was greatly interested, and was filled with a longing to try it myself; so, when the little girl returned, I passed through the doorway. It was just like going into another room. Now I find myself in this little temple, and see such lovely lights coming from your heads.”

We questioned our visitor about herself, and

learned that, though she had been in spirit life for eighty years, she was still a young girl. Her work amongst children required that she should keep youthful, but she gained knowledge without growing old. She had lived a very sheltered life with her father and mother and grandfather, and was being prepared for a special work. Her mother had been carrying it on for a hundred years, and when her time came to go to another sphere, this young girl was to take it up. It was the work of training young children to be leaders in various branches of service. She said her name was Ella, and that she had a friend with her named Cora, who was waiting for her return, but she expressed a wish that she, too, might come through the doorway and see what she herself was seeing.

We explained that two people could not use the instrument at the same time, so that, if she wanted her friend to come, she would have to go away herself. This explanation puzzled her very much at first. She said, "What do you mean? Am I using an instrument? I thought I just walked through a door, and it seems exactly like being on earth."

We explained further that the doorway was a human person, and made her feel the body she was using. This interested her greatly, and she carefully examined the clothes Miss Rose was wearing. "How coarse!" she said; "like sacking, isn't it?" referring to her dress. We asked her what she thought of her hat. She put up her hand and felt it, saying, "Why, I had no idea I had anything on my head!" We asked if her hands felt coarse, and she said, "Oh, no, they are my own hands, and

I have my own face ! Everything is mine except the coarse dress." Had we invited her to look at herself in a mirror, she would hardly have been satisfied with her simple statement of affairs !

One of the assembly asked her to feel a silk dress she was wearing, the silk of which she had thought very soft and fine. Our visitor pronounced it also very coarse. Then she said, " Oh ! can't Cora come while I am here ? Isn't there another doorway instrument amongst you ? " We had to explain that Miss Rose was the only trance medium amongst us, so that she would have to leave before her friend could come. She said, " I will wait outside for her," but added, " Can't I wait here, though ? " We told her she could stand by in spirit, but must go back through the doorway first. By the time she left her voice had grown quite strong.

Then followed her friend Cora. She had evidently heard what had been said about using an instrument, but said, " It doesn't feel like that." She told us that Ella's mother had adopted her in spirit life. Her own mother was in another sphere, and she had not been allowed to go to her ; but she loved her new mother dearly, and she and Ella worked together amongst the children. They had to study the character of each child most carefully, so that they might never jar or shock its spirit in any way.

Both the girls seemed very surprised to hear that we often had visitors from their world, and they said they were longing to go and tell their mother about their visit. We gave them an invitation to go and

see Dr. Beale's home in Borderland, which they accepted with alacrity.

When Miss Rose came to herself again, she saw these two beautiful spirit forms and described them. Ella was tall and fair, and dressed in green and electric blue; Cora was dark, shorter by a head, and dressed in a robe of sheeny russet terra-cotta.

The naive interest and spontaneous enjoyment of the whole scene was most delightful, and never did we feel more forcibly the reality of the spirit controls than when in the presence of these two charming girl visitors.

The fact that many on the other side are ignorant as to the means of communication between the two worlds was often brought home to us by other controls. Those who had lately passed over would suddenly come through, and talk and behave exactly as if they were still upon earth. They evidently had not the slightest idea that anything unusual was happening.

We had often discussed the question as to whether a medium could be controlled by a living person—by this, I mean a person still incarnate on this earth. I once asked Father Lucerne about it, and he said such a thing would be rare, but he believed it to be possible, provided the living person was one who had learnt to travel in spirit and to leave the body easily. He thought a trance medium would be more likely to be able to do it than anyone else.

We arranged for Miss Forest to make an attempt to come through Miss Rose, both being as interested as we were in the experiment. When the appointed

time came, Miss Rose saw Miss Forest close to her, and felt her presence in a particularly forcible way. She said, "I feel she wishes to control me," and she tried to yield herself, so as to enable her to do so, but no control took place. Possibly Miss Rose's thoughts on the subject may have unconsciously hindered.

We made up our minds to get Mrs. Fair to make a similar attempt some day, but it could not be arranged just then, and the matter was left in abeyance.

Months afterwards, Mrs. Fair was sitting with Miss Rose (who was at the time poorly and in bed), when, looking at her, she saw someone was trying to come through and speak to her, but apparently with great difficulty. At last the someone managed to say, "I'm W." (giving a name by which Miss Forest was always called by Mrs. Fair), and then, "I have succeeded at last—tell E. M. S.," and finally, as though anxious to reassure her, she added, "I am all right; I am quite well."

Miss Rose, returning to herself, sank back on the pillows saying, "I am not sure who I am. I seemed to be taking W.'s place [*i.e.*, Miss Forest's], and the doctor seemed to be using my hands to work on his patient." Mrs. Fair was indeed frightened. She thought at first that Miss Forest must have passed away, and, as she had heard nothing whatever of her being ill, it was naturally a great shock. She wrote at once to her (she was some 400 miles away), asking her what she had been doing at that hour, and whether she had consciously tried to control Miss Rose.

Miss Forest replied that she had had no idea of doing any such thing, but she had suddenly found herself with Mrs. Fair. She described the room in which she had seen her, and she remembered finding her alarmed and trying to soothe her.

What had surprised her was that she could not find Miss Rose anywhere. She knew she was in bed ill, and therefore could not be out of the house. She was not aware that she herself had done anything unusual, for she was accustomed to travel in spirit to visit her friends, and had on several occasions been recognised by friends who possessed clairvoyant gifts.

Dr. Beale afterwards told us that Miss Forest had been drawn out of her body, that Miss Rose controlled it, and that he felt himself using her hands for his work instead of those of Miss Forest. This would account for Miss Rose's feelings, and it would seem as if, for the space of a moment or two, the two spirits had exchanged bodies! Not having noted the time, Miss Forest was never able to tell us exactly what she had been doing at the moment, but she must have been either just finishing giving massage to a patient, or, having finished, sitting quietly in her own room.

This experience interested me greatly, and when later on Miss Rose came to stay with us, we begged Mrs. Fair to try to control her, fixing a day and hour for the attempt, but saying nothing of it to Miss Rose, as we thought the experiment would be more likely to succeed if she was not aware that there was anything unusual in the proceeding. We knew that

she would be quite willing for Mrs. Fair to control her.

Accordingly, at the time appointed, we were quietly sitting together, Miss Rose being prepared to lend herself to any spirit friends who might wish to visit us. In a few moments we saw that someone was trying to control, but, whoever it was, lost hold again almost immediately. Then later a better control was obtained, and a broad smile spread over the face of the medium. It was accompanied by a curious rigidity of the face and hands. A few words were spoken this time, and then once more the controller seemed to disappear. Two more attempts enabled us to receive two or three short sentences, none of which made any sense unless they came from Mrs. Fair.

On returning to herself, Miss Rose said, "Why, who could that have been? I can't see anyone except Mrs. Fair, and she is just going out of the door, waving her hand and saying, 'I've done it, I've done it.' " Her surprise was great when we told her that we believed it had indeed been Mrs. Fair. I asked if the control had felt just as usual, and she said not quite, that somehow her face seemed to have a curious stiffness about it when she returned.

I questioned Mrs. Fair as to what she had done, and asked whether she had consciously told her spirit (or thought form, or double, or whatever you like to call it) what message to deliver.

She said that she had gone to rest, and had mainly concentrated upon projecting herself to us, leaving it to her spirit to say what it wished, but

that one of the messages given was a message she had consciously thought of because it was something she wanted me to know. It was to make an appointment to meet a lady at my house. At the time this experiment was made, Mrs. Fair was about four miles away from our house.

This apparent success on Mrs. Fair's part made Miss Forest determined to try again, and I was especially anxious that she should do so. Not for many months, however, did she have the opportunity, and then it was on an occasion when we were not in the least expecting her.

A number of us were gathered together, and one or two from the unseen world had visited us through Miss Rose. Suddenly she was again controlled, and, stretching out her hands to Mrs. Fair, she gave the name W—— (by which we called her), mentioned two people with whom she was staying at the time, and begged Mrs. Fair to tell me that she had succeeded. We wrote and told her what had happened, and she said she had consciously tried to come through Miss Rose, and described the room in which we were sitting and several of the people present, but could not find me, whom she had especially wished to tell. She had not been able to see me, as I was hidden by someone else. She was greatly pleased to know that we had recognised her. She said she did not feel sure whether she had succeeded or not, but she was conscious of trying to use a strange jaw and finding it stiff and difficult to move.

Some months later Miss Forest again controlled Miss Rose, and gave a very unexpected message, foretelling a most unlikely action on her part. We

did not take much notice of it at the time, but when it was shortly followed by the event, we recalled it most vividly, and realised how clearly her spirit had foretold the same.

On two other occasions Miss Rose was apparently controlled by living persons. She and Mrs. Fair had just returned from visiting the patient in the North before mentioned, who was in great suffering. Dr. Beale had given one or two treatments, and had been able to relieve the pain a little. We had just had a visit from two spirits, and the power in the room seemed very great. Suddenly someone else controlled, giving the name of this patient, and, clinging to Mrs. Fair, begged her to promise that Dr. Beale should cure her. When Miss Rose came to herself she was in agony of pain, the nature of it being similar to that from which this patient suffered. It was, of course, speedily taken away from Miss Rose. We were all astonished at such an occurrence, but we were told that it was indeed this patient, and that it was partly owing to the power brought by the spirits who controlled just before that she was able to come. We did not interrogate her on the subject, for we felt sure she was quite unconscious of it. She knew very little of psychic things, and would only have been bewildered by the mere idea.

The other occasion was when my sister was lying at death's door. She had passed through the terrible time of collapse (mentioned on pages 94-98). Dr. Beale, having kept control for two nights and a day, felt he could hold on no longer, and had asked me to go to take charge of my sister. She was still very

ill, but he hoped she might sleep. He left, and Miss Rose was at once put to bed by Mrs. Fair (she being in another bed in the same room). I found C. very weak, but she soon fell into a laboured sleep.

Mrs. Fair afterwards told me that during this time Miss Rose, also being, as she thought, asleep, suddenly began to show the same symptoms as my sister, and excitedly begged Mrs. Fair to go to me, as I was alone in her (C.'s) room. Her mouth seemed to become dry and parched, and her tongue hung out, her breathing became laboured, and she had all the appearance of C.'s condition at the moment.

Mrs. Fair could only imagine that C., thinking that I was undergoing too much strain, had come through Miss Rose to tell her so. This seemed borne out by Miss Rose's sensations when she came back. She experienced feelings of terrible exhaustion and weakness, and said she must be dying. She had not seen my sister, or been told of these distressing symptoms which she showed. C. remembered nothing of the occurrence when she was well enough to be questioned about it.

In connection with this subject, I may add that I have once seen a psychic photograph, in which the projected spirit of a living person appeared. It is difficult to know what word to use in describing these projections; perhaps "thought form" is the best, though this rather conveys the idea of an inanimate figure, whereas many of these thought forms move and speak and bring messages. Sometimes they seem to appear at the conscious will of the person, sometimes without any conscious volition on his part.

I have been told that I myself have appeared to a friend many miles away, and have carried on a long argumentative conversation with her, at the same time that I, in the body, was visiting another friend and carrying on a vigorous discussion with her. I was quite unconscious of even thinking of the former friend, and should have imagined that every part of me was occupied in what I was consciously doing in my body.

But to return to the photograph—it was shown me by the owner herself. She had more than once sat for psychic photographs, and had obtained some exceedingly good extras on the plates exposed—I mean recognisable forms of those who had passed away—but on this occasion, to her surprise, there appeared on the plate the form of her brother, who was still alive, and separated from her by a considerable distance, and she afterwards ascertained that he had known nothing of the occurrence. This incident seems to contradict the theory that these forms must necessarily consciously materialise before they can be reproduced on a photographic plate.

Since writing the above a curious sequel occurred which I think it may be interesting to relate. Two years after the incident recorded here Mrs. Fair started for Tasmania. She was disappointed at not having been able to visit a certain district in Devonshire before leaving England. She felt sure that there was a good deal of "rescue work" to be done in that neighbourhood, and she also had special personal reasons for wishing to visit it. Eight months after her departure Miss Rose and a friend (also a friend of Mrs. Fair) set out for a tour in this

district, with a view to doing what they could to carry out the work Mrs. Fair had not been able to accomplish. Soon after they started Miss Rose sat down to rest by the roadside, and was almost immediately aware of the spirit presence of Mrs. Fair. Feeling that she wished to control her, Miss Rose beckoned to her friend to come. Someone then came through Miss Rose, and carried on quite a long conversation with complete ease. This control referred to her disappointment at not having been able to make this tour before she left England, and said she should be present in spirit during the whole time, helping in the work. She also referred to her husband and her life in Tasmania, and sent messages to various friends, including a special and very pertinent message to Miss Rose herself. The whole conversation was certainly most characteristic of Mrs. Fair, and, as it took place about noon here, she may possibly have been asleep, and this may have accounted for the facility of her control. We have not yet had time to hear from her as to whether she was in any way conscious of what she was doing. Probably she was not, as she would not have known of the tour, but the keen interest of her spirit in the work on hand brought her.

